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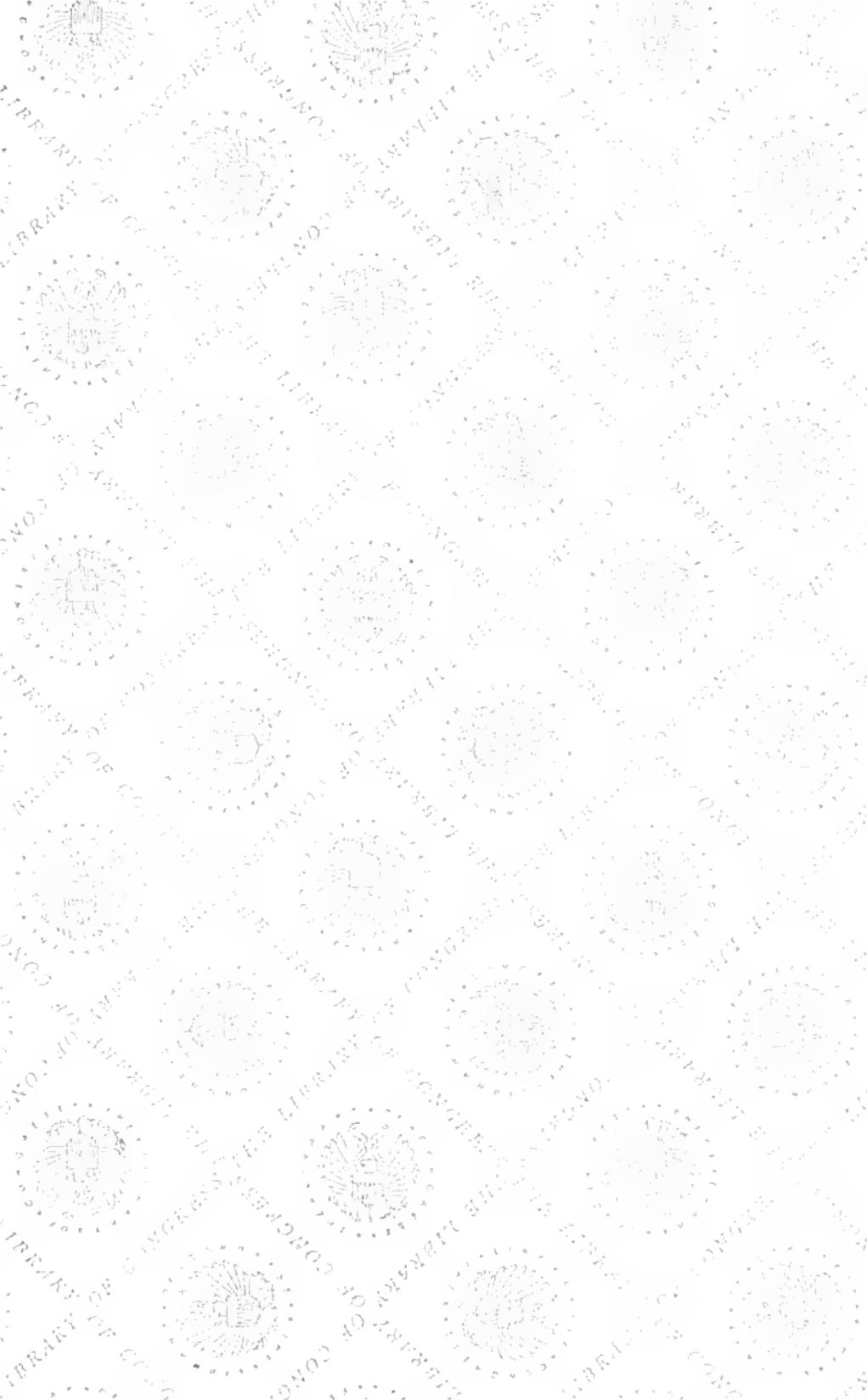
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THE *3 Sept
1877*
COMPLETE POEMS

O F

JOHN D. CONWAY;

O R

HOURS OF RECREATION.



2 7

LAWRENCE, MASS.:
JOHN D. CONWAY, PUBLISHER,
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P R E F A C E.

In placing these poems before the public I only do what a host of others have done who have preceded me, with the hope that they will be treated with justice, as I am not averse to censure any more than comment, when it comes from a highly intellectual and unprejudiced channel. While submitting them to the public I do not presume to think that they are without fault, neither do I wish it understood that I could have done better. To expect from a young man, who has not enjoyed the benefits of a common school education, a literary production without fault, when so many talented and more experienced writers of verse are treated with unmeasured contempt by the critical reviews, is unreasonable. These effusions of poesy are the first which have emanated from the present source, and probably will be the last. In the production of this book, I had more to contend with than most authors generally do, and in my reading the

proofs, may have overlooked some typographical errors. There may be a resemblance between some of these poems and those of other authors, but it was not done through intentional plagiarism, and as Byron says : " To produce anything entirely new, in an age so fertile in rhyme, would be a Herculean task, as every subject has already been treated to its utmost extent." All I expect from this attempt is the emolument it may bring, and the scathing criticisms which this line of composition most invariably draws forth—for the last mentioned I care little. Though I may have expected a great deal more than I am permitted to receive, and realize but a transitory honor from the strength of my production, I shall not despair ; yet he who would rise or fall in the estimation of the public must produce something which will call forth the comment and censure of friends and foes.

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THE MERRIMACK VALLEY.

SWEET VALLEY, pride of all my youthful years,
Where wayward childhood knew but infant fears,
Where sunlight threw his welcome, golden rays
On thee, sweet valley of happier days,
Where youth and innocence held full control,
And boyish pleasures then possessed the soul,
When manhood years had seemed a coming age,
And parent's watchfulness had been a cage,
Revolting to the spirit of the child
Which bloometh forth, like nature, free and wild,
Where summer charms first met the peering eyes,
And pointed out the place where beauty lies,
The wooded dell, where robin redbreast sung
His sweetest notes, when with the feathered throng,
And hopped, so joyously, from bough to bough—
But where is little robin redbreast now?
He, too, has changed through all the parted years,
Perhaps has flown to other genial spheres.
No shady dell to me presents a view,
As I, in seeking, look for what I knew.

The cherished green, so pleasing to the eye,
Where I so often gambolled when a boy,
Deserted is ; no mantle green is there ;
Of all I've seen 'tis now devoid and bare.

The pine-wood grove, where music swelled the breeze,
And soothing zephyrs rustled through the trees,
Where old and young enjoyed beneath the shade
A pleasant walk, or stroll through forest glade,
Or tripped the light fantastic gaily 'round,
Obeying music's most commanding sound,
Where happy voices, charmed with life alone,
Sung out in wildest glee joys of their own.

The treble clear, uncultivated, still
Possessing all the human heart would thrill,
Unmindful of the other voices there
Was wafted through the evening's cooling air,
And then the chorus, sung with all their hearts
In thrilling strains, was heard throughout all parts,
While, mingling in the joyous crowd around.
The good old pastor's face could c'er be found,
While words of cheer, encouragement and praise,
Were by him lavished on whom met his gaze.
The children, wild with frolic on the green,
In childish warmth enjoyed the pleasing scene,
Nor thought of bitter days to come and go,
When life's great rivers dry and overflow,
But, peering to the future age of man.
See castles built on false ambition's plan,
See riches great, so easily obtained,
Within their grasp, and never yet attained.

In yonder place the ivy grew up high
Around the old brick church, now standing by,

And it beautified the reverend spot
Where pastor and his congregation met
To cheer each other on the blissful road,
Commune with one another, then with God.
The old brick church no ivy now doth grace ;
Around it left there is not seen a trace
Of where the robin, in the springtime clear,
His little nest built where he knew no fear,
Who sung his sweet song at break of the day,
Encouraging all who came in his way.
The old church still stands—Its pastor has gone.
And left all his flock behind him to mourn.
Beloved by him was all the poorer class.
And they, with pride, did him in turn caress.
'Twas sad, this parting of the poor man's friend.
And many men before his grave did bend
The knee, which was so long unused to kneel,
While down their cheeks the willing tears did steal.
The old bell tolled from out the church's spire
The funeral march of him, the worthy sire.
The people marched with slow and mournful tread
Behind the body of the honored dead.
They sung him to rest, while the tears fell fast,
To the lonely grave, where he sleeps his last.

Sweet Merrimack ! the beauty of the vale !
Speed on through coming ages without fail.
Let fairy banks, in summer's wavy-green,
Extend a greeting to our water-queen.
Through many groves—no sweeter sight could be,
On either bank a hill or smiling lea—
The rippling waves, caressed by summer's breeze,
Reflect thy beauty in a way to please.

Oh, Merrimack ! sweet mirror of the vale !
All, thee must praise, while no one can assail.
Who has not pictured fancy's dream of life,
And longed for future days unus'd to strife,
Where merry birds, in nature's wildest glee,
Prolonged their notes—the music of the free,
Where trees in grandeur reared their heads on high
In symmetry and beauty tow'r'd the sky,
All clothed in plumage of the softest green,
To robe the valley's pride and lovely queen,
While ghastlike in the twilight's falling shade,
When light of passing day begins to fade,
In clusters strange, but still quite plain to view,
The tap'ring, snow-white birch—unknow to few—
Attracts the gaze of wand'lers passing near,
Reminding them of tombstones bleak and drear.

Pine Island beams in Spindle City's stream
Alone, deserted, left to sleep and dream,
While rippling waves, from waters flowing 'round,
Convey sweet music to the green-clad ground,
And warblers sing the joys of being free.
Where nought discordant shall disturb their glee.
Save when the boatman softly plies the oar,
And wavelets chase each other to the shore,
Or Echoing sounds from the thrilling strains
Of vocal music in the boat, proclaims
That heav'nly hearts have warined to nature's call,
And show their feelings with each swell and fall.
Here youthful years brought pleasure to the heart,
Pleasure no wealth nor pow'r can impart.
'Thout care or sorrow, nor of trials dreamed,
The youth of by-gone years—forever dimmed—

Like to the birds sweet carol on the isle,
Enjoyed what nature gave and knew no toil,
Yet looked to future days of greater bliss,
When hearts and minds would then revert to this.
The ceaseless current of the human life
Onward flowing again st the busy strife,
Shall bear away, as to the ocean wide,
Each fond endearment, in the rolling tide.
The noisy hum, where smoothly rounds the wave,
And thunders down into a watery caye
The broad, blue sheet, so sparkling in the sun,
Must, like all else, its destined journey run.
The humming spindle and the clashing loom
Are moved by thee within the living tomb,
Where thousands toil for what they would retain,
And pale-faced beauties people all the plain.
At early dawn there peals upon the air
The clang of bells, to call the brave and fair
To tend the frame, the stretcher and the loom,
And thereby hasten a premature doom.
Within the walls, as birds within a cage,
They feebly sing theiy joys from youth to age,
And through the strains, sung in their wildest glee,
They look in vain for future, to be free.
The infant dwarf in sorrow does his share,
And wends along, with pail to hold his fare,
Till noon-bell peals the sure but telling stroke,
And silent wheels proclaim a rest from work,
When thousands throng, like herds upon the plain,
To feast on what their labor can obtain.

In summer's burning sun, the dark Shawsheen
Lay undisturbed, as in a peaceful dream

Beneath a sky, which hung as though a veil,
Where clouds in softness spread their snowy trail,
Here in scarcity, there in good supply,
Now mingling and departing 'fore the eye
Like snow-drifts huge, unmeasured to the sense,
In one place thin, another thick and dense.
The zenith blue as ere by mortal tongue
Described, save where the stars in all their throng
Bedecked the night, and luna's face was dark,
Obscured from man below, and left no mark.
The heat, intense and heavy, lent its aid
To bow the leaves of plants in ev'ry glade,
Which, scorched and bent, as though their age was run,
Dejected looked beneath the burning sun.
A mist-like haze, flung back against the hills,
Which, in themselves, a verdured background fills,
So plain, and yet so indistinct to view,
While verging from familiar green to blue ;
And then, beyond, description fails to paint
The deep, unfathomable space of bluish taint.
As deep and dark the Shawsheen slowly sped
The leafy boughs kissed others overhead
So like the lovers in a shady nook,
Where nought could mar the meaning in each look,
Where thoughts expressed themselves in sweetest love,
Yet spoke no word—expression e'er did prove.
Here nature dressed her form in royal guise,
Extending greeting to the azure skies.
Though bowing meekly o'er the limpid stream
The elm and birch in blest communion seem,
As though from heav'n stooping to conceal
The look of pleasure they seem not to feel,
But slowly bend their overreaching boughs
Where pike and minnows in the shade carouse,

Delighting each in summer's breath o'erhead,
While nought disturbs them in their liquid bed.
No sound will mar the silence of each scene
Along the sloping banks of dark Shawsheen.
How lovely is it, in this sheltered spot,
To sit and see the charms which nature wrought.
Still further on it glides with graceful ease
Through meadows smiling and devoid of trees,
And in return for meadow's pleasing smile,
It quenches drought and moistens all the soil.
Like friends, the meadows and the rivers cling,
And deep, yet plainly, to all nature sing
With loud acclaim what nature is to all,
That one turn good another shall recall.
This stream, like man, in minuteness first opes
Its form to future greatness and of hopes,
And slowly creeps and struggles on for life,
Battling bravely though menaced oft with strife,
Obscured and choked, of life almost deprived,
Now stagnant, loath'd where once its form had thrived.
When Autumn glides from summer's pleasing scene,
And changes all her brilliant cloak of green,
This silent spot, and least frequented glade,
Must change its form to take another shade.
The yellow leaves, then hanging o'er the stream,
As silently from where they brightly gleam,
Resign connection with the mother tree,
As when the buds first oped their eyes to see,
And drifting, aided ever by the wind,
To Shawsheen's running water they descend,
And floating on in numbers from the plain,
To deck the Merrimack or rolling Main.

Behind, deserted seems the summer cove,
Where soft green branches in their beauty wove
Sweet garlands in the most enchanting mode,
The branches ever precious with their load,
Doomed at length, like mortal, to decay,
And leave in words the merits of their day.
But words shall tell what eyes had once beheld,
Imagination picture what had swelled
The joyous scenes to such exalted vein,
And sigh when thought says, "never will again
Such grandeur and such beauty fill the place
Where Shawsheen sweeps with such unrivalled grace."

The distant hill-tops greet the stranger's eye,
Where hundreds cold and pale, in silence lie.
The tombstones white tell what is found below,
The last of mortal, and the last to know.
Bleak northern winds in boldness speak aloud,
And spread o'er all the lowly dead a shroud
As spotless as the infant yet unborn,
As though to hide and shield them from the storm.
'Tis here the loved of other joyful days,
Recalled from life, and friend's endearing gaze,
Are doomed to greet their mother earth once more,
And yield in peacefulness the forms they bore.
Here rich and poor are singled out the same,
And judged according to their wealth and fame.
The massive stone conveys the news of death,
And shows the pride and pow'r of worldly wealth,
While in the distance, scattered far apart,
The wooden cross and stake—no gem of art—
In contrast to the tombs of monied gods
Reflect the flow of life as plain as words.

Like to the living, in all pomp and pride,
When wealth and power rule life's rolling tide,
The dead, with scarce enough the form to hold,
Have o'er them placed, on columns grand and bold,
The names of what were mortals in their day,
And deeds well done before they passed away.
The choicest ground the monied man obtains,
On which to build a temple with his gains.
Yet close confined as poorest beggars are,
When death's unlooked-for voice has called them far,
Their mortal forms, when to the grave consign'd,
Takes space the same as the most refin'd.

Where slopes the hill into the valley fair,
The winding Spicket flows from year to year,
Exhausted not by summer's parching sun,
Its deep, blue ripples, shining as they run,
Reflect the grandeur of this narrow stream
Where beauty smiles, as in a fairy dream.
The brush-wood where the bathers hid behind,
And frolicked undisturbed with pleasing mind,
While shrill the voices from the copse so green,
Came ringing forth where no one could be seen,
And splashes loud, as neath the liquid clear
Some youthful form would quickly disappear,
Has changed its face—desertion fills its brow—
What it was to us then it is not now.
Like man with weight of years, 'tis bald and bare ;
No screen is seen to hide the bathers there.
Neglect and law has changed the scene so dear ;
The paradise I knew is bleak and drear.
Deserted is the pine-wood grove of old,
For one by one to ashes have they rolled,

'Till desolate the spot will ever seem.
To him who sees his childhood as a dream.
Like man the birds forsake the haunts of yore,
And still the notes they warbled on this shore.
In other dells their carols now are heard,
Where axe and lever yet no tree has stirred.

Behind the hills, and yet within the vale,
A gem alone, long since grown old and stale,
The old shop stands unsheltered, not the same,
And few who knew it then are known to fame.
The oaken grove and thickets all are gone ;
Unhidden stands the old shop there alone.
The running spring beneath the oaken shade
Supplied the shop with liquid, purest made.
Unchoked and clear it found its way afar,
And mingled with the torrents nought can mar.
The jug would here what man cannot improve,
Take to the weary workman nature's love
In coolest draughts, reviving to the frame,
And blessed by all who knew from whence it came.
Its praise was sung by all the blackened train
Who labored hard a livelihood to gain,
And each, as to his head the pail was turned,
With beaming eyes told how the heart had yearned
To taste the life which came from out that spring,
More precious far than jewels from a king.
To-day no trace, no vestige of that gem,
Presents itself to view, or welcomes them.

Oh, blessed days of innocence and toil !
Excluded joys and ever-thought-of soil !
In memory's wanderings linger near
Incessant thoughts of that which was most dear !
How ev'ry nook comes floating through the past
The same as nimble youth had seen them last ;
But eyes may peer and look for things in vain,
Which they had seen when first they knew the plain.
Each face which smiled, each tongue which told a tale,
Come back and haunt the wand'rer in the vale.
How well the jokes, the sneers and boasted lore
Of friends I parted in long years before,
Traverse the mind, conmingled with the glare
Of vacant minds and still more vacant stare.
How loud and long, when work had ceased to call,
The old shop rung with music from them all,
For all would boast when silence urged them on,
And all were best for none could be outdone ;
But when the boss came smiling into view,
Then silence reigned and all seemed smiling too,
But when he frowned, electric was the speed
With which it travelled through this knowing breed—
Not e'en a glance was giv'n to where he stood,
For well they knew 'twould do more hurt than good,
And worked the harder as he passed them by
Lest sidelong glances would attract his eye ;
And when he joked, though stale the joke might be,
'Twas relished greatly in affected glee.

None dared to listen and forbear to smile
But would before his staring gaze recoil ;
And when he left his jokes were told around,
As something coming from the most profound,
And all would wonder at his fractious ways,
So warm, and yet so cold within their gaze.
Whate'er he said unheeded seemed to fall—
When wrath took pleasure's place—among them all.
For well they knew, through studied years of toil,
The old man's ways, when with a frown or smile ;
And still he lives the same old craft of yore—
His years since then have filled another score,
But fresh and bright he seems as years before,
When wildly frolicked, as he'll do no more,
The untamed boy, considered by him wild,
Whose years and knowledge fitted but a child.

Then coming through the thousand joys I knew,
For troubles then were light and very few,
I see the spot, now changed into a park,
Where wildly grew the thickets, close and dark,
Where acorns, strewn upon the leafy ground,
Were sought with pleasure, in abundance found.
How loud the brook in Autumn's dying days,
Was heard to murmur in its winding ways ;
How fairy-like the maple leaves were seen
In contrast to the pine's unfading green.

Here red and yellow leaves upon the ground
Profusely scattered over, could be found,
While bidding to us all a last farewell,
And a last adieu to that shady dell.
Yes, all is changed. The faces and the friends
In daily walks and scenes no longer blends.

And e'en the cot where boyhood knew not fame,
Where poverty its care and want could claim,
The walls unplastered, and the pantry bare,
The invalid low, and in need of care,
And the dying groans, with his last request
Ungranted to him e'er he sunk to rest.

These are the themes which no minds can recall,
And laugh to scorn, when they've witnessed them all.
The heart that endures each pang of distress
Feels for another, its feelings caress.
Dismal and cold was that cot in its day,
With hope nigh blasted, and coming decay,
With death in the home, and want all around
Staring the faces of inmates there found ;
But the gloom has all passed ; the sighs are all o'er ;
The wife and children are haunted no more
With poverty's voice in loudest acclaim,
For plenty abides where want had a name.

All, must I leave, though changed from old to new, ;
I long for other scenes concealed to view,

Unknown to me, save through the printed page,
As seen and written by some worldly sage,
For boyhood's dream and hope are unfulfilled,
And teachings in the youthful heart instilled
Are prone to rise more matured in their form,
Resolved to battle with each dreaded storm.
Though wealth and beauty in some flow'ry plain
May hold inducements to some loving swain,
No charms, however grand, can turn the heart
Endeared to thee, where life had seemed a part.
The royal halls, where kings and lords preside,
Where all that wealth and glitter wish, abide,
And high-flown language charm the gaping crowds,
Where polished words the blackest heart enshrouds ;
Or in the halls where people's laws are made,
And learned men are seldom seen dismayed,
But thunder forth to show how much they know,
And yet say little in their fluent flow ;
Or in some sunny clime, where winter's cold
Chills not the gliding form, now growing old,
Can never cheer like childhood's happy home,
The truant form, though widely doomed to roam.
But since the heart must follow with the form,
It beats for thee, alone, through ev'ry storm.
And when I wish contentment, joy, and rest
From worldly cares, with which I am oppressed,
And seek no longer with the world to cope,
To thee I'll turn my heart and only hope.

Through all thy walks, if still they are the same,
I'll-wander, though unknown by face or name,
And still feel pride, if fate should once decree
To take me back where all is sweet to me.
And yet methinks—I cannot bear the thought—
That scenes will differ from the dear ones sought ;
But still I'll muse on what I've heard and seen,
The busy valley and the hills of green ;
And though no friends may greet the wand'rer's eye,
The sight of childhod's home will give him joy ;
And when life's joys and woes are at an end,
And dust to dust forevermore must blend,
I ask, wish for on earth but one renown,
And that is here to lay my body down.

THE GRAVE.

1.

The church-bell peals forth dismal notes of woe,
As day seems ling'ring on in vain,
And soft and low the twilight zephyrs blow
Their mournful music in the train.

2.

Unbroken, save by the murmuring winds,
A death-like silence governed all,
Where, lowly sad, the drooping willow bends,
Obeying day's declining call.

3.

One after another the stars peep out,
Like angels they watch overhead,
While throwing their ghast-like glimmer about
The place where we bury the dead.

4.

Hushed is the spot where in silent repose
Sleeps many a warrior brave ;

Around him his friends—now none are his foes—
His camp and his hammock, the grave.

5.

The rolling drum in the legion of war ;
The cannon's loud boom in the field ;
The shrill battle-cry his sleep cannot mar ;
A sabre no more can he wield.

6.

A white marble slab points out through the veil
Which luna's pale light throws around,
Where death in his ravage left one vivid trail—
His foot-prints are under the mound.

7.

No time can replace the warrior bold,
Make blood through his veins circulate,
Instill in his heart, the same as of old,
A reckless believing in fate.

8.

No more will he bound when country shall call
To her sons, in the hour of need ;
No more shall the deathlike struggle appall ;
No more on the field will he bleed.

9.

The small flag floats in evening's gentle breeze, ;
The black clouds gather overhead ;
A rustling sound is heard among the trees
Which grow above the gallant dead.

10.

Tow'ring far above the patriot's grave,
Their shadows falling on the mound,
The soft green boughs of weeping-willow wave,
And fan the soil where death is found.

11.

The tree-toad's song is heard from out the hedge
To break the dreary monotone,
And peals forth from his shady, covered lodge,
A measured, shrill, unceasing moan,

12.

As though complaining to the orb of day,
For taking off its brilliant light,
And leaving darkness hold the sovereign sway
In deepest silence of the night.

13.

Alone, I am, within the dismal yard,
Beholding nature's lonely view ;
Around, but death and tombstones greet the bard :
Above, a canopy of blue.

14.

On one small mound I place my weary head,
While brooding silently of death—
Beneath reclines the long-neglected dead—
No mark it bears of friendship's breath.

15.

The tall, soft grass, the evening air receives,
And bows to dewy's slow command,
And drooping gently o'er, like mortal, gives
The meekest bow, with tears to blend.

16.

The perfumed breath of morning's golden hour ;
The music's swell in gayest mood ;
The dewy sparkle on each leaf and flow'r,
Charms not where life is not imbued.

17.

The slender stalks, where reapers hook or scythe
Has long since ceased to keep it shorn,
Sway, when rustled by the passer-by,
And bow in answer to the storm.

18.

In the silent watch of midnight darkness,
Floating over each little mound,
Scenting all the air with fragrant sweetness,
Where sleep of death is most profound,

19.

Have the honeysuckles, undistinguished,
Unseen in all their pleasing hues,
On everything around them lavished
The perfume rich, which none refuse.

20.

Here, side by side, the spendthrift and the priest,
When their brief course of life has run,
Betake them to their long and lowly rest—
The stone tells where the mold has gone.

21.

The wand'rer here, from travels freed at last,
Foot-sore, and weary of this life,
In peace may slumber from the trials passed,
The worldly objects, busy strife.

22.

No more a stranger at some lordly hall
Will he implore the aid of man ;
No harsh rebukes to him, can now appall—
He rests where none his actions scan,

23.

Where no one with respect will bow the knee,
Or point to where his form lies low,
Nor will they ask who was, or what was he—
No trouble will they take to know.

24.

Some grander tombstone's style and lofty form
Attracts the vacant-staring eye,
While one despoiled by winter's frost and storm
By them is unobserved passed by.

25.

They read the names inscribed upon the stone,
Each tribute to the honored dead,
To them, before, unheard of and unknown,
And now unseen within their bed.

26.

Here, too, the pauper, as in dreary life,
Presents of humbleness a view,
While tombs of grandeur, 'round so rife,
Are known to many—his, to few.

27.

A labyrinth of briar, o'er the mound,
Is left to wind from year to year—
No loving, tender-hearted friend, is found
To spend a few brief moments here.

28.

One Friend alone, of all, forgets him not,
 Who's ever faithful to the true,
 Who'll cherish him when by the world forgot.
 And never will bid him adieu.

29.

His country, last, but ever dear to heart,
 Will decorate his lonely grave—
 If in her battles, he has taken part,
 The spangled sheet shall o'er him wave.

30.

The wreath and cross of purest evergreen
 Shall meet the sun upon his grave,
 And undisturbed shall lie till winter keen
 Shall force its winds to madly rave.

31.

Here friends with heads bowed low, and softest tread,
 Seek out some loved-one's narrow cell,
 And among the homes of the sleeping dead
 Picture a face they knew full well.

32.

Loved fonder is he when dead than alive ;
 They cherish the name which he bore ;
 Held sacred the spot, by those who survive,
 Is that where a friend breathes no more.

33.

With pride they speak of the deeds he had done,
 The honor and love left behind,
 Regret in their hearts that he has passed on
 And to a cold grave is assigned.

34.

With feelings of awe they view their last home,
And wonder how soon it will be,
When they—not with life—to deadland shall come,
And no more return in their glee.

35.

But hold! There's a tread, where stillness of death
Made nature seem lonely around,
And softly it falls, as though but a breath,
For measured and light is the sound.

36.

Low-stooped and weak, with a cane in his hand,
An old man in silvery-gray,
Possessed by a love, a feeling most bland,
Is slowly seen wending his way.

37.

Reached is the spot, and the old man's sad gaze
Intently is fixed on the sod
Where low lies a friend he knew in passed days—
Now he raises his eyes to God.

38.

Slow bends the knee, and the hoary head low—
'Tis white with the weight of his years,
With troubles untold, with sorrow and woe—
As he drops on the grave sad tears.

39.

Slowly and sadly he starts to depart,
With weakened and faltering tread,
With feelings of grief made fast in his heart
For one who reclines with the dead.

40.

As he turns away, no doubt, in his mind
 Float thoughts of the day he must die,
When lifeless and cold—to this place assigned—
 His feeble old body shall lie.

41.

Blind mortal conceives, while health holds his frame,
 But little of death drawing near,
When struggles of life for honor and fame,
 Shall quickly, like mist, disappear.

42.

What is fame, that man should perjure his soul
 To seek from the mortals around
The highest of praise, when he knows the whole
 Is useless when under the mound?

43.

His friends may be loved when he is laid low,
 For deeds he has done for mankind,
Receiving honor he never would know—
 No honor for him was designed.

44.

His praises are sung when he wishes them not,
 The praise which he longed for in vain ;
Proclaimed far and wide, revered is the spot
 Where he rests from trouble and pain.

45.

A frame-work of earth man travels his way,
 Molded to suit the age and time ;
By actions and words he's altered each day ;
 A statue ill-formed, or sublime.

46.

A monarch to-day in glory and pride,
A model he seems to mankind ;
To-morrow, as dust from all he may glide,
Leave power and glory behind.

47.

'Tis sad—this brooding where numbers are laid,
Sleeping profound, so still and low,
Where friends we have known have quickly decayed
And passed from all trials and woe.

48.

The tenanted field all spotted with white,
And the gloom pervading around
Is bleak, and deader than darkness of night—
No tread from the lowly resound.

49.

No voice familiar will fall on the ear,
From the form to earth giving way ;
No glance from the eye, of welcome and cheer,
Is met in that model of clay.

50.

Forever is stilled the heart's feeble beat ;
Forever from friends and from foes,
In the cold, silent, and lonely retreat,
The last of man takes his repose.

THE BURNING OF BOSTON.

As thousands toil unceasingly
For clothing and for bread,
When day is done, exultingly
Will they not homeward tread,
And thinking of the joys of home,
Cessation from their toil,
With joyous heart, when at their dome,
Take comfort for awhile?

Doth not the man of worldly gains
When strife of day is o'er,
Take rest to pay for all his pains,
To wander and to soar?
Imagination takes the place,
And fancy rules the day,
And in his mind not e'en a trace
Of what has passed away,

He thinks not of the accidents,
The fates and ways of men ;
The trifling and great incidents
Which always follow them.
In tossing over in his mind,
And building in the air
Castles, which are undermined
And hanging by a hair,
He loses sight of what we are
And what we ought to be,
And what we must with patience bear,
And what's our destiny.
Not governed by the parted time
In these, his dreamy moods,
He grasps the gold, and for a time
His god is worldly goods.

The poor man, when his work is done,
With joyful heart returns ;
Before him wealth and glitter, none—
Little he daily earns.
Still contented is the man
If health deserts him not,
He'll try to do the best he can,
Though humble is his lot.

Though many mouths are looking up
To him for daily bread,
Yet still he toils and ne'er gives up
Till earth takes home the dead.
He's satisfied if all his wants
The income don't exceed,
As then no one with eager taunts
Will dub him for his feed.

'Twas thus the poor man and the prince,
Contrasted as they are,
Revelled according to their means
In household near and far.
The day had passed with all its care,
The night was coming on ;
The rich man took a cab or car ;
The poor man's choice was one.

He used his feet, for want of scrip,
With happy face trudged on,
And halted not till on his step
He stood a weary man.
His child received him at the door,
And, prattling, took his hand,
Made him forget fatigue, as o'er
The pavement both did stand.

Alas ! this joy could not exist—
Excitement must take place ;
The demon they could not resist
Their honored homes must grace.
A fire broke out to mar the scene,
Large clouds of smoke came forth,
Soon confusion reigned supreme—
Men rushed from ev'ry hearth.

A few brief moments had elapsed ;
A cry of fire was heard,
And from a granite block had burst
The proof of what occurred.
Not many reached the fatal street,
Where beamed the lurid glare,
Till blinding smoke and burning heat
Had gained the mas'try there.

To stay its progress, all attempts
Appeared to be in vain,
For onward swept the elements,
Destruction in their train.

Here a mighty block of granite,
Reaching tow'rd the sky,
Had a roaring wind to fan it
And urge the flame destroy.

The flaming red then rose on high,
And spread its wings of light
Between the earth and azure sky,
And changed the form of night.
A fierce wind was created then ;
The flames increased in size ;
On Summer street the wrecker ran ;
Its blocks illumined the skies.

Human strength was here exerted,
But it seemed to be in vain,
For the fire swept unabated
And rent the blocks in twain.
The granite walls were melted,
That stood the winter's gale ;
The iron bars soon felt it,
And 'fore its heat did quail.

The great blocks on the corner
Must now yield to the storm,
For sparks from blocks on Summer
To Otis street soon turn.
The block yields to the shower ;
The fire bursts through the roof,
And, in less than half an hour
The fire was water-proof ;

For water could not quench it ;
It laughed at manly skill—
They dare not venture near it,
For, burning with a will,
It soon attacked the others,
Which bowed to its command,
Spreading here new terrors
And desolating land.

The broad sides of the structures
Were soon a mass of flame,
Defying all man's powers—
The mast'ry it could claim.
With lightning speed it travelled,
With none to check its force ;
And now no longer revelled
The men with flowing purse.

They shrieked in vain for succor
The save their earthly store,
And walked about with terror
Ne'er felt by them before.
They gazed upon the ruin,
And sighed for what was there—
To see it quickly going
It drove them to despair.

But still the fire kept marching,
Increasing in extent ;
From block to block 'twas reaching,
And those near underwent
The same change as the former,
For none could keep aloof,
And stopped not on the corner,
But caught the nearest roof.

The firemen worked with ardor
To save the Everet block,
But ev'ry drop of water
Their energies did mock.
No stream could reach the summit
Where reared the building high ;
No way was found to buffet
With flames loud-roaring by.

A man soon reached the summit,
And strove to check the flame,
But soon was forced to leave it—
The fire unshackled came.
Now the blaze is creeping on
Both sides of Summer street—
Neither side will be outdone,
For both are very fleet.

Another fearful cry is heard ;
Another dome on fire ;
Another feels the firey sword,
And all is seeming dire.
On Arch street now the brilliant light
Foretells the state of all,
Proclaiming fire as king of night,
And Boston's coming fall.

The engines poured unceasingly
Upon the burning wreck,
While from the windows, instantly,
There came another check ;
A monster flame, whose intense heat
Compelled them to retire
And seek a refuge in some street,
Not then attacked by fire

At ten o'clock the Everet block
Sent high into the air
Its lurid sparks and clouds of smoke—
Bright was the blazing there.
It spread across the narrow Arch ;
Unshackled, on it came,
Embracing in its onward march
Great domes, which now remain
A pile of blackened ruins ;
A remnant to be seen ;
The last of man's hard earnings ;
A ghastly-looking scene.
To Washington it made its way
With unabated speed,
Destroying all without delay
Where monarchs gave it feed.

Winthrop square was all ablaze—
Its buildings gray and brown,
On which proud mortals loved to gaze,
At ten o'clock were down.
The costly stores of merchandise—
The work of many years—
A pile of rubbish there now lies
And nothing else appears.

Eleven o'clock, another scene,
And saddest of the night,
Was when the poorer ones were seen
In their most dreadful plight,
Escaping from their burning homes,
With household goods a part,
While women there, with mournful groans,
And with an aching heart,

Were looking for some missing one,
Some child who'd gone astray,
Or 'mid strangers left alone
To pine and faint away.
Hundreds from their humble homes
Were forced to fly for life,
While all behind to atoms
Were burning in the strife.

Behind, the flames were roaring ;
The walls were falling in ;
The fire was quickly lapping
The homes of lab'ring men.
The fire kept growing fiercer,
And sparks were falling fast—
The place was getting warmer,
Though all had done their best
To stay the fearful ravage
And force the monster down ;
But all their work and courage
Seemed utterly o'erthrown.
In crowds the people rallied
To help remove the store
Of merchandise, and carried
The remnants of the poor.
Hurrying crowds assembled
To each respective place
Where fire, as yet unconquered,
Had left not e'en a trace.
Some eager in their efforts
To help a man in need,
Some anxious to be comforts,
And more possessed of greed.

Soon Purchase street was all ablaze,
A perfect sheet of red,
Which threatened very soon to raze
The buildings, now had sped
From roof to roof along the west.

From Summer street to High—
The flaming brand had quick embraced
Where nought could it defy.

The fire here raged with madness ;
'Twas past all man's command,
Illuming up the darkness—
'Twas bright on either hand.

Here men were undetermined,
Not knowing what to do,
Unnoticed, and unfriended,
As through the mass they flew.

Some men stood by with ledgers,
Account-books in their hands,
Containing notes of treasures
In buildings, goods and lands,
The only extant emblem
Of what they once possessed,
Was eagerly kept by them,
To show what they had lost.

At one o'clock the crowd was dense,
The thoroughfares alive
With vehicles of goods immense,
Which did the flames survive.
The common now became of use,
For teams all loaded down,
Sought it as the safest place
Of any to them known.

Here motley crowds assembled—
As sentries some had stood
O'er fortunes small and crumbled,
Protecting what they could,
While villains, black with plunder,
Hovering ever near,
Were manfully kept under
By those who knew no fear.

Men, armed with sticks, protected
Their goods from birds of prey,
Who never yet neglected
To steal when best they may.
But still the conflagration
Advanced with fearful speed,
Threatening desolation,
Where nothing could impede.

A cure must be effected—
The men must deviate
From habits long contracted,
In leaving to their fate
All they possessed in buildings
And other earthly ware,
And give vent to their feelings,
To “blow up” ev’rywhere.

Solicitations from the men
Whose buildings neared the fire,
To blow them up, was not in vain;
’Twas done at their desire.
The streets were roped without delay,
To stop the pressing crowd
From rushing into danger’s way,
While men had quickly stowed

Combustibles of ev'ry sort
To blow the buildings up,
So as to cut the progress short,
Which now had filled the cup.
A peal, like thunder, rent the air,
Which shook the very ground.
The first explosion filled the ear—
A glad and welcome sound.

Now peals in quick succession
Were heard on ev'ry side,
Which told that some discretion
Was used to check the tide.
This was a mighty effort,
Though thought of rather late ;
To it they must now resort
To shun Chicago's fate.

The Hub's foundation trembled
Beneath each heavy shock,
While with them quickly crumbled
The walls of some fine block.
The powder did its duty
To check the onward flow,
And save the modern beauty
From total overthrow.

Less intense the heat became ;
And fainter was the roar ;
Weaker grew the dreadful flame,
Which once so madly tore.
All hearts were gladdened at the change
Which then was taking place,
To see the fire within the range
Of checking its mad race.

Yet some who looked upon the scene,
Though cheering with the rest,
Maintained a patience most serene,
While all their store was lost.
Envy did not fill the breast ;
They wished no neighbor ill,
For well they knew the lot was cast—
They'll bear it with a will.

Consolation seemed in vain
To some who lost their all ;
Advice and friendship they disdain,
For wealth's beyond their call.
Resolutions fill the brains,
Of what they're bound to do ;
How they shall recover gains ;
But soon is lost to view.

Thus random thoughts possess the mind
A moment—then they flee.
In trouble, who can be resigned;
And meet his destiny ?
When storm has passed, and sunshine spreads
Its golden hue o'er all,
And throws its beams upon our heads,
How often we recall
Some bitter hour in days gone by,
When thinking o'er some doom,
Some dreaded fate forever nigh,
And yet obscured in gloom.
How oft we brood o'er fancied thoughts,
And magnify the same,
And find at last they're only draughts
Of smoke without the flame.

Yet some hath hope, without a sign
 Of prospects yet to come,
And through ill-luck 'twill brightly shine,
 Both grand and picturesome.
Forebodings plain, of evil winds,
 Predestined to destroy,
Lightly, on those with hope, descends,
 Though doomed, they fate defy.

What'er befalls them on the road
 Of life's introdden way,
Deprives them of a hoarded load,
 They're ever bright and gay.
Some may think o'er the road they trod,
 What obstacles were found,
How they disputed ev'ry rod
 As they were outward bound.

As incidents crowd into view,
 Of many trials o'er,
How oft with them the whole seemed blue,
 While all they bravely bore.
Determination shows the man
 With courage bold and true,
Though stripped of all, at once will plan,
 And show what he can do ;
When things against him sometimes turn,
 And act on the reverse,
Such words as these, within shall burn :
 “ Thank God it is no worse ! ”
So, lightened of a heavy heart,
 He tries to be content,
Cheerful looks will he impart—
 To sad ones ne'er give vent.

While those with hope less prominent,
And firmness very small,
To ill-omens will e'er give vent,
And hasten on their fall.
They yield at once to destiny,
And give up all as lost—
A bore to all humanity
They're recognized at last.

Forever brooding o'er the past,
It seems more bleak and drear—
When vividly 'tis freshly cast
Upon the mind, 'tis near.
Thus bad, made worse, will keep in pain
The anxious, weary one,
Pining, fretting, but all in vain—
It cannot be undone.

Why sigh for that which fate ordained,
Allotted to their share?
They know the weight must be maintained—
A portion all must bear.
The path is smooth for none in life,
Yet smooth it first appears—
We smooth the roughest path by strife,
Make rougher by our fears.

How oft we think the greatest share
Is netted out to us,
While others meet with better fare,
And never feel distress.
We see a reason why we should,
Like them, partake of all,
And mingle bitter with the good,
And rise as well as fall.

A man may rise before the world
By honesty and truth—
No greater flag could be unfurled ;
No greater sign of worth.
What more is wanted in the land,
If honor be the star
At which we're aiming heart and hand?—
The prospects nought can mar.

A man who loves his honor more
Than proffered gain or spoil,
At least one fortune has in store,
From which none will recoil.
He may be poor in worldly gains,
But rich in truth and right,
Content to live, while he remains,
With conscience pure and bright.

What benefits can man derive
From useless gods of gold?
He's always fretting, while alive,
In misery untold.
The all-inspiring love of greed
Controls his very soul,
Created for a greater need
When first it left the goal.

He worships not the God of man ;
His mind is far away,
E'er grasping, hoarding what he can,
Until his dying day.
When death—destroyer of the race—
From which no man can hide,
Demands the dust of him to grace
A pit on some hill-side,

He then repents—not yet too late
To save neglected soul,
Regrets his doings, mourns his fate,
Does penance for the whole.

While all through life a statue he
Remained, unmoved by dread,
Prepares he for eternity,
To number with the dead.

All would he give to have his life
Spared to his friends once more,
Allowed to mingle in the strife—
No wealth would he adore.
But money cannot purchase health,
When death is in the field ;
All world's true honor, and its wealth
To death must surely yield.

With all the treasure earth can give,
Bequeath to mortal here,
The rich and poor together live,
Though in a varied sphere.
One sits in pride and luxury,
A god of modern times,
Clothed in pearls and finery—
In splendor often shines.

He mingles with the worldly great ;
Exalted he appears,
And frowns on those who underrate,
Who call themselves his peers.
He values man, not by his works,
But what he does possess
To place him o'er the poorer folks
Who're ever in distress.

The poor man, with no gold aside,
 No mansion tall and grand,
With wife and children doth abide
 As happy in the land.

A contrast drawn between them here
 Dissolves itself at death,
Though one has casket on his bier,
 The other, coffin's breadth.

When both are sunk beneath the sod,
 And many years have passed,
Who can discover rich and proud
 From poor, when turned to dust?
'Tis only by the trappings of
 The casket rotted there
We find the only way to prove
 The rich man from the poor.

Many minds possessed the men
 Around that fearful scene,
Changing o'er and o'er again
 With ev'ry news they glean.
Vagrants flocked from other States
 To feast on what was theré;
Hosts with varied minor traits
 Came here to strip all bare.

All grades were represented when
 The flame was at its height,
From millionaires to beggar-men,
 To see the dreaded sight.
Fearful oaths to God, in vain,
 Were uttered quick and loud
By men who jostled hard to gain
 Admittance through the crowd.

They pushed and tumbled through the mass

Like hungry wolves for fare,

Would yell and growl at all who pass

When eatables were rare.

In ev'y place the same ensued;

Tongues clattered loud and long,

As if with life only imbued

The clatter to prolong.

The desolation was complete.

The weird red flame o'erspread

With telling force, and yet so fleet

That soon a blackened bed

Remained to show the havoc made

In Hub's most thriving part,

Where millions were in ashes laid,

And razed a busy mart.

Many acres were swept o'er

By flames, with fiendish glee;

Many blocks shall be no more

Bright with prosperity.

No words can picture to the mind,

Imagination see;

No one not there can comprehend

The wreck beside the sea.

A mourning-veil in deepest black

Is pictured to the view,

While underneath is seen the track

Of where the demon flew.

The glare, so lurid in the night,

So dreadful to behold,

Had paled our luna's silver light

As through the heav'ns she rolled.

The buildings large and prominent
 Displayed their lofty peaks,
And shone at night most radiant
 From bright and gilding streaks.
The church-spires far o'ertopping all,
 As Sabbath morning dawned,
With warning finger seemed to call
 The people, still alarmed.

The crowds of upturned faces,
 So anxious, sad and low,
Look on those holy places
 Untarnished by the blow,
And think how pleased and happy,
 How little did they know
What change one week would carry,
 What prospects overthrow.

Here merchants of long-standing
 Among the true and tried,
Were anxiously found gazing,
 And looking horrified
To see long years of labor
 So ruthlessly destroyed,
O'erreaching their endeavor
 To save it from the tide.

Accumulations gloried in,
 Of years of toil and care,
Ascend before them, black and grim,
 And vanish through the air.
In clouds they vanish, soaring high,
 Beyond the reach of him
Who sees it, watches with a sigh,
 Beholds it growing dim.

The clerk who struggled hard to lay
Foundations for a home ;
The working-girl, from day to day,
Who toiled without a moan,
Here mingled with the other throng,
Downhearted at the turn
Which things had taken all along,
And felt the most concern.

With poverty in all its forms
They'll have to fight their way,
As life has lost most all its charms—
Its beauties soon decay.
The road is dark before them now ;
The journey may be long,
But through the whole they'll have to plow—
The weak as well as strong.

Ambition now has lost its pow'r
To raise the drooping head ;
'Tis banished like the summer flow'r
To winter's icy-bed.
Like icebergs in the polar clime,
To those unused to such,
Who wander from the tropic pine,
Will feel the hardship much.

A resting-place they seek in vain
To ease the feeble frame,
But here misfortune will again
Destroy their little game.
'Twill find them out where'er they flee,
If fancy takes the lead ;
It magnifies enormously,
If to it they give heed.

Though nothing real can be seen
To mar the future joy,
Or make life worse than it has been,
They think it ever nigh.
They fret, and quiver like a reed
Beneath a pleasant gale,
Thus sending forth the little seed
Which scatters through the vale.

With this confusion of the brain,
From melted fortunes low,
They grieve, despair, and yield to pain—
Another fatal blow.
The shrill cry of the engines,
And rush of horsemen 'round
In all this tumult, combines
To make the dismal sound.

The daring deeds of firemen
While plunging in the flame,
And working ever humane,
For life and not for fame,
Ascending here a staircase—
The flaming brand o'erhead
Running on its hellish race
With quick and eager tread.

The dismal sound, like battle-strife,
From maimed and dying near,
Departing to another life,
Now swells upon the ear.
Some last request is asked in vain,
Some message left unsent
To friends they'll never see again—
Their term of life is spent.

Thus who can tell the fatal day
Which ceases mortal strife,
Transferring man back into clay,
Depriving him of life.

To-day in millions may he roll,,
In all his pomp and pride,
To-morrow, body minus soul,
In coffin laid aside.

A casket of the finest make,
In highest style of art,
Is all of which he may partake—
Of millions, but a part.

No urn will hold his ashes then
For eyes to feast upon ;
No servant kindly bow to him—
His work on earth is done.

No longer doth the mansion greet,
Receive within its walls
A mortal, who is gone to meet
The God Who loudly calls.
Unheard the voice, which calls from earth
The soul of living man,
To answer for immoral worth—
Deny it all who can.

The mourners gather 'round the hearse,
And slowly to the grave,
With measured steps they mark the course,
And give to Him Who gave.
The dead at rest, they all return,
Relations, friends and foes ;
No friendly feelings in them burn
For one another's woes.

Each with a feeling in his breast,
Not for the buried dead,
But for another earthly feast,
To hear the last will read.
With vacant stare, they gaze around,
Minds not on what they see—
They listen only for the sound
That tells their destiny.

Cheerless is this scene to view ;
No sound disturbs the calm ;
None in conversation drew ;
None brought a soothing balm.
Death could not make them colder,
Though friends the day before,
Their friendly feelings molder—
The will they're thinking o'er.

Seems to advance, a heavy step ;
At last it nears the door ;
Each one looks up with eager glance—
A lawyer stands before.
On him they look, like birds of prey
Would on a victim feast—
They cannot by their looks dismay
New-comer in the least.

A pow'r he has, and yet has not,
To change within those eyes
That look with hope of future wrought,
For some expected prize.
The silence breaks—the lawyer speaks
In tones both loud and clear,
And then the last will calmly takes,
All eager there to hear.

As on he reads, with steady voice,
The last will of the dead,
We see some friends in looks rejoice
While others bow the head.
The reading done, all separate,
With smile or down-cast eye,
Bearing prayers for him, or hate,
According to their joy.

'Tis thus the rich may pass away
From years of toil and pain,
To meet their God at Judgment Day,
And tell their loss or gain.
While all their friends, then left behind,
Whom wealth has left a share,
Will scarcely e'er recall to mind,
Repeat for him a pray'r.

The poor man in his humble cot
Is humble in his way,
Is ever happy with his lot
When he has paid his way.
Though often he may wish for wealth
And all its proffered joys,
He would not barter for them health,
His greatest earthly prize.

How many when possessed of wealth
Will scorn their nearest kin,
Not give them e'en a penny's worth,
Or help them to begin,
A brother slights an older one,
Disdains, when he is low,
To help his wife and children on
Through death's most fatal blow.

The wife may seek the brother's aid
And ask a little loan,
And tell him that a kin is laid
In death—he does not moan.
He tells her she has hands and feet
To work as well as he,
And let her use them, and she'll meet
With what she longs to see.

Some may differ from the throng,
Exceptions though are rare,
But to the rich, will e'er belong
A heart both cold and bare.
The poor man, dying, seeks his God,
The Ruler of the skies ;
The rich, adores a golden god,
Preferr'd to Paradise.

The poor man dies without a will—
Nought has he to divide—
The truest friends the chamber fill,
Who have no wealth nor pride.
No curfew tolls the time of death ;
No crape is on the door
To tell a mortal sped the earth—
A mortal rich, but poor,
Yes, rich in all celestial joys,
But poor in worldly gain,
With former in his heart he dies—
The latter gives not pain.
No casket bears the last remains
To rest forevermore ;
No monarch in his pride disdains
To bow before the door.

The scene is sad to look upon,
And sad the parting cries.
They mourn his loss—his soul has gone,
They trust, beyond the skies.
No monument of costly build
To tell of his renown,
Shall o'er his grave, with praises filled,
To future men be shown.

He sleeps in silence 'neath the mound,
While passers-on tread o'er
The verdured sod, the hallowed ground
Where lies the good and pure.
To other graves they wend their way,
Whose stone tells who lies there,
To this, at least, respect they pay,
Repeat, perhaps, a pray'r.

Thus, while living, will they tread
Upon the poor-man's woes ;
Him no respect they show when dead,
When calmly in repose ;
But here shall cease my contrast now
Between the rich and poor ;
To modern Athens all aglow
My sentiments shall soar.

A joyful peal here greets the ear
From voices young and old ;
On ev'ry side, in front and rear,
The welcome news is told,
That now the flames are under way,
And cannot long sustain
The mighty force that's brought to play—
Their efforts are not vain.

The roaring monster weaker grew,
And still the people gazed
On where the serpent wildly flew—
The last of that which razed.
Twilight ushers in the evening ;
Darkness falls upon the scene ;
Luna's light is palely gleaming
Through the black and cloudy screen.

Through the smoke in rolling volumes
Shone the wreck of blackened walls.
There the heavy granite columns
Meet the eye, the sense appalls.
Moving through the debris slowly,
Dimly seen through clouds of smoke,
Making ev'rywhere seem ghastly
'Neath the heavy mourning cloak,

Stalwart men in search of something,
Like the spirits of the dead,
Ever busy, darkly moping,
Visionary in that bed.
Dimly burns the dying embers ;
Chained at last within control ;
Fiendish glee at last surrenders,
Leaves behind a dying coal.

Millions now consumed to ashes ;
Desolation reigns around.
Fortunes, in a few brief flashes,
Left behind a blackened mound,
Marking not where mortals lowly
Sleep the sleep which knows no wake—
Marking where the buildings proudly
Fell to dust beneath the quake.

Slow the clouds of smoke are rising
To the azure sky o'erhead,
Few the embers that are burning,
Soon to number with the dead.
Fainter beats the life-pulsations
Through the heart, once warm and wild,
Enemy of generations,
And the wealth for which they toiled.

Ling'ring on in decayed glory,
Stripped of ev'ry vital force,
Ebbing out clouds thin and hoary,
Useful in another source,
Ghastly in their upward soaring,
Spirits of the mighty wreck,
Slowly winding from the burning,
From that bleak and lowly speck.

Eyes in thousands peering forward,
Penetrating through the veil,
Scanning where the demon scattered
All that came within his trail.
Some with eyes of deepest sadness,
Sought among the dreary plain
Where a fortune stood with proudness,
Sought, alas, for it in vain

Where the tide in all its beauty
Swept with such immuring aim
O'er the land, in fearful fury,
Ever faithful where it came ;
Where the demon roared the loudest,
Showed his face in reddest glare,
There as quickly fell the proudest
Of the mansions from mid-air.

Then the wind sung low and sadly
A dirge or mournful wail,
And so plaintive, yet so softly,
As it wandered through that vale.
It looked upon the ruins black,
Where pride had found its grave,
And softly whispered to them back :
“ Thus He will take Who gave.”

Thus man, compared with all his works,
To ashes shall return,
For, ever near, yet distant, lurks
A fate he cannot spurn ;
For man, the noblest, king of all,
To fate in time must bow ;
He knows not when he’s doomed to fall,
When to receive the blow.

Now, through the smoke and steaming clouds,
Which linger in the wake,
Ascending high, like phantom shrouds,
Another form to take,
Dim outlines here and there appear,
As in some fairy scene,
Where mortal dare not venture near,
Where all is most serene.

Here, through the veil which covers death,
Bleak, desolate and wild,
With wand’ring thoughts, issuing forth,
Of ev’ry hope despoiled,
With faltering step, unsteady pace,
No tranquil frame of mind,
With drooping head, averted face,
Man’s motions are inclined.

The old man with his hoary beard,
And helping-cane in hand,
Seeks out the place where proudly reared
What he could once command.
O'er heated pillars, rent in twain,
He struggles on his way,
To see once more what toil in vain
Has vanished in a day.

The spot is marked ; a remnant found ;
The old man drops a tear
As he surveys familiar ground,
Yet unfamiliar here.
He views it with a saddened heart ;
His grief can ne'er be known ;
In words he never can impart
The feelings then his own.

The wealth of years of toil and care
Now molders in the dust.
A few brief moments swept quite bare
What man had once caressed,
Adored, perhaps, as gods of old,
And worshipped at its shrine,
But now, alas ! clouds o'er it rolled—
Of wealth there's not a sign.

The night in silence threw its wings,
Where havoc ceased to reign ;
The stars peeped out like living things,
And luna beamed again.
But bleak the spot was where they fell,
And cheerless seemed the grand,
While dead to all, where life should dwell,
Appeared that wretched land

The good old Revolution days
Have tested Boston's pride,
Where first the light of freedom blaz'd—
In blood her soil was dyed.
Though young in years it battled hard,
Her courage knew no fear ;
Her only object, to discard
The tyranny so near.

To-day, the City of the Sea,
Though humbled by the blow,
Can still look back to English tea,
To misrule's overthrow.
Yet time shall soon efface the mark
Which now o'erspreads the scene,
And other monarchs shall bedeck
The spot where it has been.

Ere years shall pass, the busy life,
The hum, now still as death,
Shall once more reign, and be as rife,
Possess far greater wealth.
The sun again shall throw its light,
Not on a blackened plain,
But on a grander, nobler sight,
A busy mart again.

The moon shall once more from the bars
Of clouds, when sun is low,
Shine on a scene no defect mars,
The same as years ago.
Once more in silence shall repose
That dread November eve,
When terror-stricken all arose
To view the glare and grieve

C U B A .

The lines at the beginning of the poem are supposed to have been spoken by an unseen person while Alaro is asleep.

Arise ! Sleep not while men are slaves
To Spanish tyranny !
Wake up, and strike, while other braves
Are anxious to be free.
Revenge the wrongs your fathers bore
With ever-dreaded pain,
And pledge a vow that you'll no more
Acknowledge mother Spain.
Throw off the yoke, and join the band
Already in the field,
For freedom now is near at hand—
The Spanish soon must yield.
Prepare for war. Disdain the peace
Submission would procure,
For right shall triumph, wrong shall cease,
Then happiness endure.

Sheathe not the sabre while a man,
 A traitor to your cause,
 Is armed, and doing all he can
 To force on you the laws.
 Denounce the villain, traitor's tool,
 Compete with him in war,
 And show him freedom soon must rule
 In Cuba, near and far.
 Uphold the flag of freedom high,
 And proudly let it wave,
 And shoot the first man who shall try
 That banner to deprave.
 Your country calls you to her aid—
 No Cuban stays behind.
 Arise at once! Be not afraid
 The shackles to unbind.
 On yonder tow'r the Cuban flag
 Must float, where all can see;
 Let not a man who loves it lag
 Till Cuban soil is free.
 The Spaniards long controlled the land,
 And slaves had to obey—
 Unsheathe the sword, with it defend
 Thy native soil to-day.

[Alaro rises and beholds nothing.]

ENTER DON VOLNER.

Arise, Alaro! Hear the cannon's boom,
 Which speaks of freedom now, or future doom,
 And hear the whistle of the rifle ball,
 Which now, at least, foretells the Spaniard's fall.
 In Cuba's fields behold a vast array
 Of valiant heroes, keeping fast at bay

Near twice their number, and still better armed,
While you are sleeping soundly, and unharmed.
Arise at once, and prove to me to-day
That you are Cuban!—Rise, without delay!
Speak out at once—but hark to what I say—
If thou art traitor, perish while you may!

ALARO.

Here I am, as true to Cuba
As mother to a son—
Brought up in its sweet Havana,
And never born to run.
I love the isle which gave me birth,
The Spanish I despise,
And with my comrades will go forth,
The tyrants to chastise.
'Fore yonder moon is far advanced,
I, too, shall hold a sword,
Prepared and proud to go against
The murd'rous ruffian horde
Who still desire to trample down
And fell to mother earth
As great a race as e'er was known
To seek for freedom's birth.

VOLNER.

Your hand, Alaro, for our cause is just.
We've been enslaved for years—let's never rest
While tyrants rule where freemen should control,
While hate and murder rule the Spanish soul.
I've tarried long, and precious time is spent
And wasted here, for which I may repent,
For ev'ry moment in a cause like this

Should to much better use be put ; but 'tis
 High time I should be moving with the van,
 And help to save my country when I can.
 Another shake, Alaro. Now farewell ;
 When we shall meet again the foe can tell.

[Exit Don Volner.]

ALARO.

Yes, my country, I will help thee
 While Alaro is my name,
 Will assist to make float proudly
 Freedom's flag upon the main.
 Should a traitor dare assail it,
 And Alaro being nigh,
 He will faithfully defend it,
 And will, with it, live or die.
 Farewell all I loved and cherished ;
 Farewell friends and scenes of yore ;
 Let them from me now be banished ;
 I may never see them more.

ENTER DON SACO.

What did I hear as I passed through the cottage ?
 A pledge to the Maker on High
 From one without the least atom of courage ?—
 What ! He'd live for Cuba, or die ?
 I'm hungry—quick, or as sure as God made you
 Your life shall soon pay for that talk.
 I've no time to trifle in thinking of virtue—
 Obey me, vile traitor, and walk.
 [Exit Alaro.]
 He's gone. When he comes his loud cackling shall cease,
 And sorrow shall darken his brow ;

His body, my sabre like lightning shall pierce,
And he, condescending, shall bow.

ENTER ALARO.

You said you were hungry, my man,
Hungry for what I well know.
Take that, and defend while you can
A scoundrel, well known, from his foe.
If hunger attacks you, I say,
Appease it here with a blow !
Advance to the combat, and pay
What you on me would bestow !
I heard your vile threats, and fear not.
No one can dampen my love.
You, I challenge to combat !
Enemy here do I prove !

SACO.

Bold words from a villain and traitor's friend—
I see you would your life were at an end.
Leagued with rebels who resist by retreat,
And brag of their deeds to all they may meet.
Too long you've roamed where a grave you should find.
No longer you'll live with vile plans in mind !

ALARO.

Then fight, sir, and better your cause,
And I, with strength, shall offend.
I fear not yourself, nor your laws,
Neither to them will I bend.
To such as you, who fight for Spain—
No ; for gold I should have said—
I'll never yield—no, not a grain—
Rather number with the dead !

Soon you or I shall kiss the dust,
 For Fate says one must die.
 While I am fighting for the just
 My beacon's God on High.
 While you, base tool of tyranny,
 Are urged by proffered gain
 To wipe out love of liberty,
 Little you care for Spain !

SACO.

Too much—advance—insulted to the fore—
 Indignation roused, I can stand no more.
 Strike now for freedom, if your cause is just !

[Alaro thrusts his sword through Saco's breast.]
 Accursed Alaro ! That's a fatal thrust !

ALARO.

The first man killed in freedom's cause
 By me, a Cuban proud.
 It only, at this moment, draws
 Me further in the crowd
 Who strike for independence now,
 United as they stand,
 Determined on the overthrow
 Of tyrants in our land.

ENTER BELLA WALLEN.

Brave, courageous man, Alaro !
 You've bravely won the day.
 Be thou up and off to-morrow—
 I'll love thee, when away.
 Alaro, I have loved thee long ;
 I've cherished ev'ry word ;

I've lingered o'er each song you sung
When no one else had heard.
Our meeting may be far away
When next we shall appear,
But while you're gone I'll ne'er be gay,
But often shed a tear.
I part thee, dear, with bitter pain,
Perhaps forevermore;
But despotism I do disdain
Upon sweet Cuba's shore.
When she is free, if you exist,
Return you then to me,
For I'll be faithful to the last—
No traitor will I be.
My father's sword, on yonder wall,
Is hanging there at rest,
And carry it you surely shall
To fell the foes accursed.
For years, unused, up there it hung,
But still it brightly shines.
The only one by whom 'twas swung
In dreaded warlike times,
Is lying low in yonder grave
Where thick the grasses grow,
Go take it you, and be as brave
As he was, who lies low.
Dishonor bring not to that sword—
'Tis bright with honor crowned—

Let not the name of it be low'red,
 No traitor with it found.
'Tis true that I shall feel alone
 When you are far from me,
But, dear Alaro, come not home
 Till Cuban soil is free.

ENTER PHILIP CEDARE AND SOLDIERS.

I've heard you talking, rebels vile,
Of freedom in the Sunny Isle,
Heard protestations weak and vain
Against the laws and men of Spain.
You're renegade to all that's good,
And making Cuba run with blood.
I know thee well, and heed my word,
You never more shall draw a sword—
What! This Don Saco 'mong the slain?
And you, the villain, still remain
To boast and tell what you have done,
When here you numbered two to one?

ALARO.

Alone I stood, against that traitor
 Lying in his gore,
Who came to me on plause of hunger,
 And who madly swore
That I should bow so condescending
 When I should return;
But see he lies both dead and bleeding—
 No one here to mourn.
Don Saco foully would have slain me,
 If I had not heard

His sentiments, so base and deadly
Spoken, ev'ry word.
In self-defence I slew the villain—
See him in his gore.
Him, to follow, you are certain !
March you out the door !

CEDARE.

Your faint command shall be obeyed sir,
When you have paid for that cold murder.

[He advances towards Alaro.]

While Alaro had his eyes and mind intently fixed on Cedare, one of the soldiers from behind, disarmed him. Bella takes advantage at once, and grasps the sword of the fallen Spaniard (Saco), then lying by his side, and as quick as possible, advanced to protect Alaro, at the risk of her own life, and in defiance cried :

Coward art thou, Philip Cedare !
See Alaro is unarmed—
Let him have a sword like you bear ;
Then why need you be alarmed ?
To the soldiers, now around you,
I appeal to show fair play,
And if valiant, they are bound to
Leave Alaro fight his way.
Ah ! I see there's not a hero
In the band assembled here.
Let them fight with me Alaro !
I will sell my life most dear.

CEDARE.

Seize her, soldiers, in an instant !
For her boldness she shall repent.

[The soldiers seize her.]

Although a maiden, built for beauty's prize,
Both pride and hatred start from out her eyes,
Once sad and melancholly in their form,
The deep, pathetic, and undying scorn
Now flash together in their stern array,
And dart, like sharks when bent upon their prey,
Cold, freezing, and filled with deadliest hate,
All that she could think of or contemplate.
Steady, undaunted, with a martial mien,
She frowns indignantly in her disdain
On all that attempts to crush freedom,
Long-sought and precious jewel of her home.
Her fierce black eyes, throughg agony of thought,
Flashed, like the sword she held, a dire revolt
Against a prejudiced, infamous rule,
Made, forced, and planted by men whose soul
Lies contiguous to a baleful end,
To serve which end they ev'ry impulse bend,
Strangle virtuous thoughts, subdue a mind,
Mayhap, possessed of intellect refined.
Yet barrier's stronghold battered soon shall be,
And Cuba smile, and rank among the free.
Her rivers deluged in her bravest blood
Shall run unbridled, and the land shall flood.
Beseeching cries from widows in distress
Shall float untrammelled in this land of bliss.
The “Ever Faithful Cuba”—Is it so?—
Made obedient by the tyrants' blow,
For centuries, now dwindled with the past,
Misrule and persecution had no rest.
Imprisoned minds, thank God, at last have burst,
To jeopardize the sweetest or the worst,
To strive once more with superhuman aid,

Display the Cuban's love that ne'er decayed.
Though shackled with the irons of misrule
Have all their actions been by ev'ry tool,
Still mind's most lofty height can be attained,
And plan and think how freedom can be gained,
For silent tongues the deepest minds will hold,
And govern thoughts too precious to be told,
In fear lest hungry, howling wolves of prey
Should snatch the precious gems to take away,
And mingle falsehood when they next narrate
Important, startling news to men of state
While they, deep-dyed in treason's darkest hue
Are shielded by the law from all they do,
Black in the deed, foremost with the news,
To save themselves, their nearest friends accuse.
But here description's wand'rings now shall cease.
The tale from random thoughts I must release,
And trace the movements of the Creole maid,
So steadfast, defiant, and ever staid.
She threw her words among her sneaking foes,
Proud of her bearing, and the God-like cause.
Keener than the weapon held in her hand
Is ev'ry scowling glance she can command.
Dead hatred ne'er expressed in such a form
Unyielding sarcasm and undying scorn
To such degree, as this firm Creole's eyes
Flashed all the love and hate that in her lies.
'Tis love commands her ev'ry motive pow'r,
A love for home and friends in that dread hour,
Which buoys her on the surface of the deep,
The vast expanse where crime has had no sleep,
While thrills of pleasure and of hope control,
Govern and command her patriot soul,

Instilled in youth to mature through long years,
And burst the sick'ning gall which slav'ry bears,
Urged onward in the roaring, fluent tide
Where insurrection sweeps—and woe betide
The traitor who, in love for monied gods
Sacrifices home at the shrine of floods.
Filled with the noblest and purest blood we know,
While Cuba strikes for freedom, strikes a blow
With direst vengeance on each mortal foe
Combined to struggle for a cause unjust,
To tyrannize over friends, and be accursed,
Condemn themselves in secret for their acts,
And dread to think how much each man extracts
From hallowed principles by each vile art
Imbued in him while taking tyrants' part.
Too late he grieves for each misguided step,
For coming fate will sometime fill his cup :
But bere the muse, too slow for action's sweep,
Shall be awakened from its profound sleep.

While they were seizing Bella, Alaro managed to possess himself of his sword, and in attempting to defend Bella, cries :

Off at once you desperadoes !
Alaro yet has life—
If you are among the heroes,
Advance thee to the strife.
A Cuban heart is in this bosom :
A Cuban's sword I bear,
And with it true enthusiasm—
Prepare for death Cedare !

Advancing steady, with his sword in hand,
To face the leader of that Spanish band,

Determined now to face his staring foe,
Set life at stake to have a single blow
With one whose disposition differs far
From his, who strives for liberty's sweet star,
Though faint the beaming of its glimmer here,
Imagination sees it bright and clear.
Quick as a flash, Cedare upholds his sword,
Looks deadly vengeance—speaking not a word—
Awaits the coming of the Cuban brave,
Who sacrifices all to free the slave,
Nor thinks of self in his exciting mood,
But feasting his thoughts on a cause so good.
Wrapt in his love, he fears no ill to come,
Yet sees the threat'ning danger to his home,
And prompted with a most undying love,
Seeks quick redress—appeals to Him above.
No cofflers, bright with Spanish-bribing gold,
Can turn a heart so true, to one as cold
As Arctic bergs to an explorer's eye,
When vainly seeking how to pass them by.
In brief suspense Cedare awaits the blow,
While from his cheeks has gone the carmine glow.
The quiv'ring lips and penetrating eyes
Foretell what fear and thought within him lies.
Like to a Grecian statue, still he stands,
Not deeming fit to utter his commands.—
Loud steps are heard—a sweet and welcome sound.
Those steps like music to the brave resound.
An instant later and the room door swings,
Filled with a brave, who valiant courage brings.
Confusion reigns among fair freedom's foes,
And does more work than either words or blows.
Unsettled which, to run, or stand their ground,

They stare in wildness at the scene around,
While each man, to his nearest warlike friend,
Shows forth in looks what words would not command.
Each man, and all, expressions tend to show,
Would rather fly than strike a single blow.
To strike for what? For valor and for Spain?
No, no. They want no fight, but plundered gain.
While back to back the Cubans stood the floor,
With burnished swords, to fight, or live no more,
Don Volner breaks the silence of the scene,
And braves Cedare to fight for decayed Spain.

DON VOLNER.

Now Cedare, with scorn I dare you,
With your murder-branded knaves
Sneaking cowardly behind you,
To attempt to make us slaves.
Dare you not with numbers greatly
Us exceeding—two to one—
Hold not up your head so stately
While there's work still to be done.
Here we are, almost defenseless,
No one near to bring us aid,
Yet in freedom's cause we're fearless,
Of a Spaniard not afraid.
Gladly shed his blood for freedom
Would a loyal hearted man,
Loyal to the soil he lives on—
Call him traitor if you can.
Three we are, yet most determined
To die bravely on the field,
Odds against us, and outnumbered,
But a Cuban ne'er shall yield.

CEDARE.

Soldiers of Spain, let not your courage here
 Prove you false to the land which you revere.
 They know we're stronger, yet boasteth in vain ;
 So capture them all—let no one be slain.
 A harder fate, from which they would escape
 Awaits them now—We'll make them madly gape.
 The screw, unused, is in the garrot near,
 Ready to be turned and end their career.
 We'll show them what heart a Spaniard may have,
 When helping a friend or stringing a knave.

ENTER 'NABOB.

Say, Massa 'Laro, de house am quite full
 Of fellers I see once afore.
 I know 'em just now in spite ob de wool
 From some oder feller dey tore.
 You see dat feller wid clothes look so nice,
 Wid dat great big knife in his hand,
 Who look so sabbage at me once or twice—
 You don't need to look quite so grand.
 You tink I no see you night afore last,
 Wid de pig right under your arm,
 Runnin' away ; but you couldn't go fast,
 For de pig must gib de alarm.
 If I cotch you dat time wid de porkie,
 I bet I would make you jump roun',
 For one ob de hams 'longed to dis darkie
 Wheneber dey salted him down.
 De pig gone up where bejuco twinet',
 An' 'at means just gone from de groun',
 An' if you don't go quick an' fin' it,
 We won't hab de like ob you roun'.

Wid a tail two yards long, like your muftash—
 I tink dat's a piece ob his tail,
 An' I wanted dat part for a boot-brush,
 So get him just quick or I'll whail.

CEDARE.

Shoot that black rascal—show him no quarter.
 Long we've been here, and still must go further.
 There's no time to trifle—shoot him at once ;
 Of freeing himself give him not a chance.
 No loss to the Isle if quartered is he.
 Out on him at once ! Why not obey me ?

NABOB.

Guess, Massa Cedare, you cotch Nabob fust.
 For Susan I'll see 'fore I die.
 If eber I cotch you 'way from de rest,
 I golly I blacken your eye.
 Den you must pay for de ham dat you stole,
 When you took dat bonive away,
 And bring back de tail you took away whole—
 Dat's a piece on your face dar I say.

[Exit Nabob.]

CEDARE.

Long have we tarried, and nothing to fear.
 Close up—Advance—now attack them in rear !
 Slowly they form into martial array,
 Preparing Cedare's commands to obey.
 When, just like a flash, to aid the brave three,
 A squad of Cubans, who longed to be free,
 Advance to rescue their brothers in need,
 And stay the mad impulse of traitorous breed,

And then with a will, exultingly cried :
“ For freedom and life, or death side by side ! ”

VOLNER.

Advance at your peril, and do what you can,
And show that no cowards are hanging on Spain,
If true to the colors which here you uphold—
Display now your valor the same as of old,
When vast Spanish armies—no braver were found—
Would bravely defend their own hallowed ground,
Where oft your forefathers, with honor renowned,
To carnage and slaughter would willingly bound
At roll of the drum or bugle’s shrill sound,
But here their descendants, so base-born and vile,
From numbers unequal with terror recoil,
As if from an adder or devil’s embrace,
Look with a shudder, turn blue in the face.
”Tis well they may shudder, and think of retreat.
Avenged shall we be, for we fear not defeat.

CEDARE.

Enough hast thou spoken to craze one’s brain,
Who loves his country, the sweet land of Spain.
Advance with the standard—here is the grave
For him who now proves a traitor or knave.
Strike for your colors—Advance to the front !
Rally, boys ! Rally ! To courage give vent !

[They Fight.]

Fierce are the oaths floating now on the air,
And louder the clash of the sabres, where
Man on his fellow, with hatred and spite,
Possessed of a demon blacker than night,
Seeks but one object to show his disdain,

And that the soldier of Cuba or Spain.
All thoughts of justice in battle's dread hour
Vanish like mist, while they fight with all pow'r,
Thirsting for blood, like a tiger half mad,
Knowing not, judging not good from the bad.
The yellow and red—what meaning it shows—
Points out through the fight where thickest of blows
Fell deadly and fast, where combatants fierce,
Out on each other, determined to pierce.
Pierce through the heart, with most venomous aim,
The messenger death—there let it remain.
The smothering cries ; the calling for aid
From the cold stone floor, where lowly are laid.
Bleeding and groaning, life ebbing away,
The best in the land, who fell in the fray.
Red plumes to the dust ; white suits red with blood
In wild confusion lay scattered ; for dead,
Useless to the land they wished to defend,
They lie trampled o'er while meeting their end.
The last dying groan, a message to Spain,
To friends they have left, to ne'er meet again,
Unheard, unheeded while the raging strife
Fiercely is raging, and taking the life,
The most precious gift which mortals possess.
Behind, leaving friends in deepest distress.
Castilians now reel from Cubans' display
Of courage and strength, while fighting their way,
All nerved by a thought of freedom to come,
Their own precious lives, and Cuba, their home.
Though Cedare's harsh voice, commanding the men,
Was heard by them all through battle's wild din,
A thought of retreat was nourished by all.

They broke in dismay—no voice could recall,
Encourage them more to battle for Spain,
Where brothers lie cold, or writhing in pain.
With haste, to the door for safety they flew—
Each man for himself—no Castile they knew.
While hotly pursuing, close on their rear
Came Volner, with Cubans knowing no fear.
Like cane in its pride, felled by the machete,
Fell Spaniards, who wildly rushed into the street.
All being routed, each Cuban returned,
While bright in each heart for Cuban soil burned
A love enkindled in infancy's time,
Growing still deeper from childhood to prime.
Each man clasped his brother, cheers rent the air
For freedom's success and victory there,
Till Volner's loud voice bid order to reign,
Take care of the wounded, see to the slain.
His words were obeyed. Soon all looked serene,
Save where the blood from the strife could be seen.
“To a cafetal!” he cried. “Danger is near,
And imps of Castile may fall on us here.
Tread low. Disturb not the stillness of night.
Be wary—prepared, if need be, to fight.”
Sad was the scene as they marched single file.
No whisper was heard from the Cubans while
Steady and slow, in the tropical air,
Their sabres shown bright in luna's pale glare;
No music to cheer; no sound to be heard
But the deep, long breath, or a leaflet stirred,
And lighting their way, the cucullos shone
In clouds ever bright, like lights near a throne,
While far in the blue, the bright Southern Cross

Smiled sweetly on all, revealed not their loss.
The sweet scent of orange, thick on the air,
Unheeded was passed, unnoticed was there,
While the lime in pride presented its form,
Befriended by man, untouched by the storm,
With pure white blossoms and fruit in its prime,
Looked Heavenly sweet in Edenly clime.
The large-wheeled volante moved slowly along,
The last—not the least—in the phantomlike throng,
While Bella—brave girl—whose patriot heart
To Cuba so true, would not let her part
From friends of a cause so Godlike and just,
With womanly love went on with the rest.
Not a word was spoken ; not a sound was heard
But the low, steady march, or frightened bird
Aroused from its perch on a neigb'ring tree,
As it flew away in its home so free.
No torch was needed that tropical night
To light them along and hasten their flight.
'Twas nature alone befriended their way,
And, guided by right, and thoughts of the day
When freedom would smile, pollution would cease,
And Cuba's free flag be thrown to the breeze.
But hold ! There's a tramp proceeding along.
A halt is commanded to all the throng.
The black eyes peer through the foliage green,
All anxious to know the change in the scene.
Like statues, unmoved, each man held his place.
The same expression each wore in his face,
Which, plainer than words, told what was in store—
They'd die for the land the Creoles adore,
Never submit to a traitorous knave

While what they love is the land of the slave.
How their hearts beat with gladness, as nearer
Approaching they saw no cause of terror.
Nabob it was, just as true to the core
As Cubans could be to what they adore.
How loud could they screech with delight and joy,
But fear of a Spaniard, or sneaking spy,
Curbed ev'ry outburst a Creole would make,
Through fear for themselves and Cuba's sweet sake.
Spurred they their feelings, with hearts full of joy—
The batey they saw, through the dim light, nigh.
Through avenues broad they wended their way,
While darkness of night could shield from the day.
Superbly adorned in tropical pride
The batey arose, where all might abide,
And slowly, yet surely, they braved the store
Of vengeance and hatred, deep to the core,
Which flowed incessant from tyrants behind,
Resolved on the capture of those inclined
To serve both the God and country they love,
Preferring to die than renegades prove.
Nearer and nearer their destiny's end
Each moment and step to shelter did send
The hearts that were true to God and their land,
Though few in number and weak was their band.
“Avaunt!” cries a voice, commanding in tone.
“Protection and shelter you shall find none.
Untrue to the land whose shelter you claimed,
Deceitful you'll prove if now entertained.
My cafetal and word to Spain is consigned;
To sacrifice both I am not inclined.
No friendship exists where traitor and foe

Meet to receive but a word and a blow.
The Governor's laws by me are obeyed ;
Defend them I will with pistol and blade."

VOLNER.

" Hold ! " cries Don Volner, in sternest rebuke,
" We'll ransack the cafetal in ev'ry nook,
If shelter, food and protection from harm
By you is denied to patriots warm.
Outlawed we are by the tyrants in pow'r,
Pursued to the death at this very hour.
Since death is at stake you'll perish or yield.
We seek no murder where friendship will shield.

SEÑOR NAVON.

Friendship? Friendship to find in a cut-throat,
Prowling vulcanlike at night for plunder ;
Sneaking on unconscious pedestrians
Unaware of the existence of foes,
And guised in the habiliments of saints,
Seeking intently to pounce on their prey,
Urged on by the cover of dense darkness
To do darker and more blood-thirsty deeds.
Friendship you will find none in my batey,
The sylvan deity of its master.
No feelings friendly in a heart of stone,
A heart of which substance I now possess,
Unmelted in the crucible of wrath.
Threats and howlings will not fell a stone post
Bound to the earth by ties stronger than wind,
Neither can villainous threats subdue a mind
Deep as the unfathomable gulf is
To the anxious and seeking mariner.
Who strives to possess him of its secret

Soundings, and more subterranean vaults,
Permitted not for mankind to perceive.
Then polished blades, a frail mortal's terror,
Cannot hew a rock immensely greater.
Impressions may be made to last a time,
But how long is a mystery to man.
So, like to you, allegiance hast thou pledged,
And perjured thy soul in denouncing it,
Kept for a time, to all intents most true,
Then knave-like at first opportunity,
Sacrificed for self, thy degrading self.
He is unjust who destroys his own soul
To kindle flames of eternal torment.
Life is a curse to a perjured villain
Striving in vain against the tide of fate,
And foes will laugh in wild and fitful glee
In contemplation of thy future end.
Avaunt, I say, thou cursed of all mankind.
Whoever Spain outlaws, shield I will not.
My batey a den on earth for traitors?
No; rather cease the flow of life at once
By an unerring, fatal stroke of steel,
Though perdition be payment for the deed,
Than turn a heart, though made of dust of earth,
Ling'ring on in jeopardy to its close,
To a turcoat from its ardent desire.
Ask me to shelter what thorns scorn to touch?
Dar'st thou salute me with thy lowly tongue,
Unfit to converse with a coolie dumb
In the language of a stranger clime,
And blind to the knowledge of Heav'nly God?

VOLNER.

Enough! Now force will yield to man
What threats and kindly warnings never can.
In vain I'll ask not for protection here.
Shelter will I find, for no odds I fear.
In ling'ring torment from a dreaded foe,
I seek to conceal from a dreaded woe.
Could you but know my object of revenge,
Your love, external love for Spain, would change;
For so it is, no love internal rests
Where laws infernal show their bloody crests
And check the welfare of our tropic clime,
And hold in awe the bravest of our time.
But hear my words, in direst vengeance loud,
I fear not death, nor sunlight for a shroud.
Too long I've quailed like cowards 'neath a blow,
Till bleeding freedom called her sons to go.
Revenge, I hear, from Campo Santo, clear,
Ever ringing in my list'ning ear.
Not even sleep can rest the constant cry
From friends I loved, who low, dishonored lie.

NAVON.

Methinks familiar sounds the voice I hear,
Like dead notes ris'n from the far distant time.
Speak out thy name before our sabres strike.
Thy name and reputation I must know.
Though black thy deeds, a friend instead of foe,
A long-remembered and oft sought for friend,
Perchance, in peril, may seek a friend,
Or favor, now own to one of mankind.
Should you be he, though the garrot's dark form

Were then to receive me in its embrace,
I would hazard ev'ry fate and doom
To protect thee, even 'gainst my own kin.

VOLNER.

Well speakest thou, though dearest friend, or foe,
My humble name, though outlawed, you shall know.
Volner, Senor—'Tis well you know that name;
It saved you once from famine's grasp and shame.
No more I'll speak. 'Tis verging on to dawn.
Ere sun o'ertops the plume of yonder palm,
And plantains shade the coffee from its rays,
I must be far away beyond their gaze.
So serve you all the motley group you see,
Or I will serve you as you would serve me.

NAVON.

Pardon! pardon ten thousand times I beg!
House, food and comfort you shall have from me,
But—wait the impulse of a moment's freak—
Proof, undisputed proof of what you say.
If you are allied to unclean spirits
You can unfold; but show to me that arm.
Show me that and then command what you will.

VOLNER.

Aye, then sir, you shall see the very scar
Which ever will my former beauty mar.
There, Senor, let thine eyes deceive thee not.
Behold the once raw, fresh and bloody spot.

[Navon approaches.]

Now art thou convinced at what I say?
Seest thou the mark of that fatal fray?

NAVON.

I see. No proof still clearer to the mind,
Convincing to your most prejudiced foe,
Now nearer and dearer than fastest friend,
Is needed to assert the truth you speak.
All, all I possess is at your command.
The intense welcome I cannot express.
Come, I'll escort where shelter can be found,
And peace and plenty for unmeasured time.

[They march on.]

Ev'ry voice, with one impulsive shout,
Proclaim the turn of feelings long in doubt,
Till o'er the din Don Volner's voice arose
Commanding silence, lest some sneaking foes
Should, in quest of news, attracted be,
And ferret out the lovers of the free.
A new hope stirred within the outlawed train,
They whispered not, in silence trod the plain.
A few steps more—the hacienda's nigh.
The door swings slowly and they pass it by.
All sheltered neath the hacienda's roof.
They yield not to Don Volner's wise reproof
To still the current of their noisy brag
Of what they'd do to raze the Spanish flag.
All served around, and hunger's pang erased,
They then forgot the scene in which they're placed.
A song is wished. Alaro then responds,
And through the stilly moonlit night it sounds.

[Alaro sings.]

Where royal palm in beauty grows
And decks this sunny clime,
And music swells the breeze that blows
The incense from the lime,
Where cocoa and the orange deck
Our Antile Queen so gay,
Velasquez ruled, and held in check
The freedom of the day.

Here Hatuey fell in freedom's cause,
The last chief of his line,
Resisting Spain and Spanish laws,
A Creole's last design.
While slowly burning at the stake,
In agony and pain,
For brothers' lives and freedom's sake,
His thoughts are fixed on Spain.

In bitter words, yet steady voice,
He broke the solemn scene,
And uttered, feelingly, his choice,
While fire was burning clean :
“ If in heaven there are Spaniards,
Hell to heaven I prefer ! ”
And he died among the cowards
Stamped with a martyr's scar.

Now shrill and loud the cheering echoes fell,
Where silence reigned and peace should ever dwell.
All drunk with love and hopes of future joy,
They feared no foe, nor thought of one close by,
Till loudly thundered through the folding door :
“ Admit us quickly to the traitor's floor ! ”
Silence reigned within an instant's time.

Where all was mirth showed now not e'en a sign.
Still wilder grew the roaring foes outside.
In stern command the leader fiercely cried :
“ Force it in boys ! The prey shall not escape !
I'll have them all or cease to wear the tape ! ”
Blow after blow against the door was heard,
But still the massive door could not be stirred.
While all within, prepared to stand their ground,
Resolved to die, or victors there be found.
A rush is heard. The doors are broken through,
And through the hall-way, wild, the Spaniards flew.
In angry voice Cedare is heard to cry :
“ Remember Saco ! Do not let them fly ! ”
Now breast to breast in fiercest struggle crowd
The combatants, with watchwords sharp and loud.
Triumphant cheers re-echo through the hall.
The Cubans lost—but one stood there, of all.
Alaro stood, defiance in his mien,
Disarmed and bound where revelry had been.
Cedare, with scowls, and with a harsher tone,
Salutes Alaro—friendless and alone.

CEDARE.

Saco's death—ah, well thou knowest my mind—
Shall be avenged. The garrot is designed
To do the work that nature would have done,
And loyalty and love for Spain would shun.
Thy deeds have stamped their form upon your friends.
Around you see where death and ruin blends.
Thy body—but you know what I would say.
Think what must wait you at the judgment-day.
Thy lady—where is she ? Speak, fiend, at once !
She cannot escape, for slight is the chance.

She urged you, did she, to rebellion's choice?
And besought you fight us, with pleading voice?
Where is she, tell me? Concealed or not
I'll find her, and foil thy villainous plot.
She shall, with you, as sure as man was born,
Partake of death and Spaniards' hoarded scorn.
Seek you soldiers, and find her if she's here.
Whate'er impedes your progress, see it clear.
The maid and man shall die where coffee grows,
And foul the spot shall be where they'll repose.
The maid shall see, and feel what we have felt,
And see her lover brave before her melt.
Then she shall fly to either heaven or hell,
And to Alaro, there, her feelings tell.

ALARO.

She, like me, will feel no terror,
Shrink not from the coming doom,
Ask reprieve, nor even murmur
At the fate and lowly tomb.
Braver man ne'er graced the Island,
Served his God, or mortal here,
Than the maiden which your errand
Calls you to destroy and scare.
Cuba never was loved fonder
By a child so warm and true,
By a heart so pure and tender,
Bella, dearest, than by you,

CEDARE.

Hold with your praises. Your tongue shall be still
Ere the sun shall peep o'er the neighb'ring hill.

No choice shall you have, when meeting your end.
I will choose for you, and aid will extend—

[The soldiers return without Bella.]

What! She is not found? And not with the slain?
You've searched all the place, and found it in vain?

[To Alaro.]

Then, sir, you'll perish alone by my hand,
And she, though concealed, shall die on this land.

[To the soldiers.]

Escort him. We'll end his headlong career.
Low shall we lay him where plantains appear.
None can point out through the depth of the gloom
Where traitor lies low in unhallowed tomb.
Bring a rope. No garrot near to be had,
We'll string him, as hanging is just as bad.

The rope is made fast to a neighb'ring tree,
Alaro marched to a fate he must see.
The soldiers have finished loading their arms,
And aim for the breast a Cuban heart warms.
Adjusted the noose—his footing is gone.
He swings in the air. Death, victory won.
“Fire!” and loud through the air the echo rung,
And bullets pierced the body where it hung.
“Cut down the dog, that shapeless mass of earth.
We'll give him here a deep and narrow berth.”
So spoke Cedare, when life had ceased to be,
And one true man had perished to be free.
The rope is cut, a lifeless form falls down,
A grave is dug, and in it he is thrown.
No pray'r is said; no mourner drops a tear;
But one true heart will e'er his name revere.
Cedare commands his men to form in line,

Then march away and leave the bloody sign,
 The brutal crime, which cries for vengeance loud,
 And hangs o'er all his future life a cloud,
 So heavy and so dark, and yet unseen,
 And nought shull move it but a plotter's scheme.
 The martial band have loitered not around,
 And faint their hurried, dying footsteps sound.
 'Till all is silent save the wind's low sigh
 As it whirls through the coffee-plants close by.
 But silence breaks. A rumbling sound is heard.
 'Tis Bella climbing from where she's interred,
 From bowels of earth, from darkness and gloom,
 She glides from a well which parried her doom.
 The landscape she scans with long, eager gaze,
 To find where Alaro ended his days.
 'Tis seen. She hesitates not to advance,
 Knows what was his fate, as seen at a glance.
 The dreamy eyes now flash the fire of hate.
 She lingers not. No time has she to wait.
 The knees are bent, and crossed the brow and breast—
 A feeling pray'r is offered for his rest.
 No tear is shed, though sorrow fills her heart;
 No feelings here the frozen tears can start.
 She grasps a handful of the blood-red sand,
 And calmly views it in her virgin hand.
 'Tis raised, and by the ruby lips is pressed,
 Then heav'nward oaths of vengeance are addressed.

BELLA.

Alaro! I am here, still true to thee.
 The vows we pledged in youth unsevered are.
 Your cruel death shall be avenged by me,
 And Campo Santo shall receive Cedare.

Hear me God ! Hear a Creole's vengeful cry !
Hear the oath, and be witness to my pledge !
If I fail to perform it 'fore I die,
Lost be my soul to Thee, Eternal Judge !
By him who fell, and dyed this sand with blood,
In striving for the freedom of his land,
I swear revenge on him who caused the flood
To streak the lonely spot whereon I stand.
This soil I take, and rest shall never claim
Until it tastes your murd'rers dying blood ;
Then let who will upon me throw the blame,
And deem it done for ill or greatest good.
I care not for their judgment, when laid low.
I'll hear no words of praise, nor censure deep.
I seek not life when I've avenged the blow,
And ask no mortal known for me to weep.
Adieu, Alaro. We shall meet again,
For life without you is no hoarded prize.
I wish for nought among the living men.
When Cedare's mortal form forever dies !

* * * * *

A week has passed. Cedare unconscious strolls
Where clatt'ring tongues and huge volante rolls.
Behind, a soldier in the Spanish guise
Presents himself before the chieftain's eyes.

[The soldier speaks.]

“ Cedare, I b'lieve. A message sent to you.”
A letter he presents, then bids adieu.
The seal is torn. He knows from whence it came.
’Tis written in the Captain General's name.

CAPTAIN GENERAL'S PALACE.

To Captain Alphonso Cedare:

By order of His Excellency Captain General ——, you are commanded to repair to the Campo Santo this evening, at 7 o'clock, as there is reason to believe that stolen jewels are to be deposited in one of the vaults, with all the ceremony of a corpse. The soldier who presents you with this message will escort you to the proper place at the time appointed. You are to have your company within call, but out of sight, so that should there be any danger you will have the power wherewith to protect yourself and enforce the laws of the land. Fail not to comply with my command at the cost of life.

PEDRO VELASHUEY.

A pleasing smile across his visage stole
To think that he was singled from the whole
To execute the Captain General's will,
And was not loth the order to fulfill.
No time to waste, he hastened to prepare,
And placed the message in his coat with care.
About he faced—the Captain's wrath he knew,
And soon his gliding form was lost to view.

The firey orb was gliding sure, but slow,
And faintly o'er the distant hills its glow—
Now dimming, as its course has nearly run—
Told plainly that the eve had just begun.
The cooling breeze had lent its soothing charm
And gently swayed the boughs of royal palm.
The deep, blue sea, beyond the city wall,
where sparkling ripples gently rise and fall,
In grandeur sweeps along the sunny shore,

And nature smiles in gladness at its roar.
Beside the sea the Campo Santo lies,
Where mortals calmly sleep, and never rise,
The shade-trees tall, in tropic's evergreen
Threw down their shadows on the dismal scene.
The roses, hued in delicacy fine,
Sent forth their odors from the bounding line,
Consumed by stench from bleaching remnants 'round,
Of mortals long since rooted from the ground.
The obelisks—no beauty in them seen—
Revert to what is now, not what has been.
The pauper's form with quick-lime is destroyed,
The soil upturned, and remnants thrown aside.
Another corpse must fill, for want of space,
The oft-used vault and putrid sleeping place.
Here black and white—all colors fill a grave—
Are doomed to rest together—fair and brave.
No coffin shrouds the poor man when at rest;
No vault alone is he with honor blessed.
Beyond, a grave is waiting for its prey,
While 'round it strewn are bones in fast decay.
Beside it stands a soldier of the crown,
Whose eager looks are all around him thrown.
His eager gaze arrested seems to be,
For now he looks at something constantly.
Cedare it is, advancing to the grave,
Where mother earth must take the form she gave.
The open grave is reached. He speaks his mind:
“What wilt thou? Let thy wishes be defined.”
The soldier looks upon the chieftain's face,
Then in the grave, his final resting place.
“Revenge is mine! Cedare shall breathe no more!”

And through the air there rung a pistol's roar.
Through Cedare's heart the bullet quickly flew.
He reeled and staggered, bid to earth adieu,
And as he fell, the vault received its share—
The lifeless, bloody form of vile Cedare.
Then spoke the soldier in a steady strain,
While eyes were fixed upon the bloody slain :

"My day has come. The debt I owed to man
Is settled by this traitor's blood.

I only ask to number with the van
Who bravely 'gainst the tyrants stood.

This sand shall drink the blood of him, now low,
[The soldier produces a handful of sand.]

And mingle with the blood of Spain.

Alaro's revenged for his overthrow,
And vile Cedare has ceased his reign.

Then good-bye Cuba. May you soon be free.
The Campo Santo I shall grace.

Farewell to friends, no more on earth to me,
For I must seek Alaro's face."

Here Bella placed a pistol to her head ;
The bullet pierced a Cuban brain ;

She fell in the grave on the chieftain, dead,
And a foe to the last of Spain.

M I S C E L L A N E O U S P O E M S.

McGOWAN'S OAK TREE.

The noble oak which once was green
Is now without a bough ;
It's not the king it once has been,
For it's deserted now.

The trees which stood around it then
Are nowhere to be seen,
For they have disappeared like men,
And glided with their green.

But still the tree of former days,
Of many years ago,
On which the red man bent his gaze,
And bent his ashen bow,
Is still seen standing on the spot ;
But where's its forest friends ?
Why is it left alone to rot
And deal with other fiends ?

In boyhood days I played beneath
That oak, when it was green ;
But now, alas ! I ne'er shall breathe
Beneath its boughs again.
No more that tree shall entice me
To sit, as I have done ;
It never more can shelter me
From Summer's scorching sun.

When going to the Pine Street School
I always passed the tree,
And with others, stopped to cool,
Where all from sun was free.
But no one now can cool his brow,
As in the days gone by,
By standing underneath a bough,
For it was doomed to die.

The time they first began to fell
The limbs from off' that tree
Has caused me many times to dwell
Upon its destiny.
Sweet memories it brings to me,
Sweet thoughts of childhood days,
Of stories told beneath that tree,
And many childish plays.

How sweet the acorns were that grew
On this, the king of all ;
How happy was I when a few
Upon the ground did fall,
And as the happy finder,
Who chanced to pass that way,

And picked up the remainder
Of what had fell that day.

Here no more the little acorn
Upon its boughs shall grow,
White street no more it shall adorn
Or shade upon it throw,
Yet some sweet recollections
Shall ever cherished be,
Of my associations
Beneath the old oak tree.

THE BEGGAR-GIRL.

Have you seen her? Have you heard her
Most bemoanful cry,
While shivering in the gutter
Hailing passers-by?
Have you seen her well-worn garments
Clinging to her side,
While the rain, in all its torrents,
On her quick did glide?

Asking for a copper
Without the least success—
No one seemed to help her
From this, her deep distress.

Perseverance is her motto,
Poverty her crime—
You can help her if you want to,
Have you the design.

Wilt thou think that in the future
 You may have a child,
Who resembles this young creature—
 Costume torn and soiled.

Asking for a copper,
 And trying to sustain
The life of her mother,
 Who's groaning in pain.
Pleading there in earnest
 For life and mother dear—
Strangers are the nearest
 To dry the orphan's tear.

ANNIE LEE.

She's lovely and fair,
 Gentle and winning,
And none can compare
 With her when spinning.

Quick as the reindeer,
 And sly as the fox,
There's no one like her,
 Who uses more rocks.

Bred in a garret,
 Poverty-stricken,
Often she's laughed at
 With great derision.

Taking the insults
 She does not deserve,

From many adults,
Whose pride and reserve
Disdains to notice
 Her e'en as a friend,
Eyes her with malice—
 No help will extend.

THE DISCONSOLATE.

Unobserved and discontented,
 Sitting by the open door,
Is a maid who has repented
 For her follies o'er and o'er.
Unobserved, for no one sees her,
 Save a solitary one,
Who would like to go and cheer her,
 For compassion bids him on.

But he dare not venture nearer
 In the presence of that maid ;
Her expression makes him fear her,
 Yet he still must love the jade
Who could thus so trifle with him,
 As to keep him there at bay,
Perhaps from some mere childish whim
 That her heart would not betray.

Degradation having seized her
 With an overwhelming grasp,
She was often heard to murmur,
 And in sorrow had to gasp :

" I'm alone here unprotected,
And uncared for, I may say ;
I'm deserted, disrespected ;
I am left to pine away.

Here despised by all who knew me,
And so seldom recognized,
Has tended oft to show me
That at last, I'm well chastised.
There must be a reformation,
Or I cannot long exist,
And a fixed determination
All my follies to resist.

THE FACTORY GIRL.

How oft have I thought of my bright childhood days,
And parents to whom I was dear,
And the hills and valleys on which I could gaze
Without apprehension or fear !
But now I am friendless, and no one is nigh
To soften the silence and gloom,
And I, as a weaver, must work till I die,
By running an old cotton loom.

Oh, where is my mother who loved me so dear ?
Alas ! she is laid in the tomb,
And dear father survived her only a year,
And left me to toil at the loom.

When mother was dying she called for her child,
In order to bid her good-bye,
And on her dear Annie, with sadness, she smiled,
And told her she'd meet her on high.
I longed to be with her in that happy land,

Though cruel to me seemed her doom,
Yet now, I would rather be with her than stand
By watching an old cotton loom.

At morning and noon I must hurry along,
For I have few moments to spare,
And must be at work in the mill with the throng,
Who, daily, are laboring there.
While the belts are running with rapidity,
And shuttle displaying its plume,
I still think of the home I had near the sea,
And forget the old cotton loom.

THE ORPHAN.

There wanders through the city
A homeless little one ;
Upon her pray have pity,
For all her friends are gone.
She has no one to cheer her—
No, not a single one ;
The only friend was left her
Is dead, and she's alone.

You can see her on the street,
And hear her mournful cry
For shoes to clothe her little feet,
And bed on which to lie.
She has no place of shelter,
Nor where to rest her head,
And will nobody help her?
For she is almost dead.

She's clothed in tattered garments,
With warmer, none to wear,
For she is without parents,
And mother's tender care.
Her mother died and left her
Without a friend or home,
And now she is a pauper,
Both friendless and alone.

FAREWELL TO LAWRENCE.

Farewell to the place where in boyhood I rambled,
For now, on life's ocean, a wand'r'er I'll roam,
And when for long years with this life I have battled,
'Tis then I'll return to my boyhood's sweet home.
Wherever I am I will look back with pleasure
To scenes of my boyhood, and playmates as well,
And think of the joys we had putting together,
When chums of my boyhood had roved in each dell.

Those scenes are all passed, and the others appearing
Recall to my mind all the friends I knew then.[;]
Each face and each figure are just as endearing,
Though older and stouter, for now they are men ;
Yes, men though they are, they still act as in childhood,
When clustered together the same as of yore,
And speak of wild freaks they committed in boyhood,
And sigh when they think they will see them no more,

The hills and the valleys shall not be forgotten,
But shall hold a place in the memory dear,
And when I'm deserted the vision shall brighten
My way through this life, thought' be ever so drear.

And streams of fresh water that run through the valley,
Bedecked on their banks with the choicest of groves,
Where birds of the forest with pleasure oft sally
Forth notes of the sweetest to soften our woes,

Shall e'er be remembered by one who still loves them,
And thinks them the sweetest that he has yet seen,
For through all his wand'rings they still seem the emblem
Of peace and of joy in each place he has been.

In sorrow I leave where the bud was first opened,
And sprung into life there to perish or die,
Where friends of the youth to its beauty awakened,
Must leave it in manhood with lingering sigh.



A SET-TO.

Once more the thought shall soil the virgin page—
No friendly aid I seek, nor other sage.
No monarch grand ; no kingdom now my theme ;
From humble life I take it, though a dream.
Though months have passed since that which I relate,
Yet new to some 'twill seem when here I state
That rolling home, dark Mary and her friends
Betook themselves to where the Duck extends,
And here Mallay—not versed in manly art—
Was doomed to fight, and bravely take his part.
Unnoticed, on he walked, till Mary's eye
Espied the hat as he was passing by ;
The hat was tapped and doomed to kiss the dust,
And Mallay swore the crime should be redressed.
Then, striking boldly from the shoulder-blade,
On Mary's rounded face a mark soon made.

Now, war proclaimed, the strife began to reign,
And out struck Mary—never yet in vain—
While through the air commands were e'er afloat :
“ Go in, Mary, and grab him by the throat ! ”
Like one beneath another friend's command,
She clutched his throat—hers was a brawny hand.
Against the rail she squeezed with all her might,
Till Mallay's face—before considered white—
Had changed its hue to one not so serene—
His smile had wandered to some other scene.
Slowly did Mary from her iron grasp
Unloose the throat of Mallay, who at last
Sung out for quarter—he would fight her fair—
So Mary cried she'd fight him then and there.
Relieved of shawl, she bared her brawny arm,
And showed, in fighting, there's a charm.
So, hand to hand, the blows fell thick and fast,
And Mallay, sadly, had to yield at last.

BOATING.

Pull, boys, with vigor, and lay on the oar ;
You'll cut a figure before you touch shore.
Ply the oar swiftly, and do it with ease,
While we are gently reclining at ease.
Sink the oar deeper ; now pull with a will.
Why do you keep her here lying so still ?
We came for pleasure, and also for sun.
Send through the water our boat, with a hum.
Now she is going as though a brave son,
Well versed in rowing, is urging her on.
See how she passes the tree and the bush,
As on she dashes with such a wild rush.

ERIN'S ISLE.

I am not known in Erin,
The land I love so well,
But still it's as endearing
As that wherein I dwell.
From Erin came my parents ;
In Erin they were born,
And spent their early moments
With pleasure on the farm.

From them I learned to love it ;
'Twas they who told me all
I knew in youth about it.
And what had caused its fall ;
But now, when I am older,
And know more of its fame,
My love has not grown colder
For land I cannot claim.

No, I cannot claim the land
From which my parents came.
The little isle called Ireland.
Whose sons of skill and fame
Are welcome where they wander.
Where'er their course may steer
Though o'er the distant water
From friends they love so dear.

It is through persecution
They leave the native shore
Which claims their admiration,
And which they all adore,

From hills and vales so green and sweet
They have been doomed to roam,
And seek some other strange retreat,
But it is not like home.

THE UNGRATEFUL BROTHER.

How few there are with hearts of stone,
Or with a tender heart,
Who would a brother here disown,
And act the stranger's part.
Still there is one too proud to live,
Whose name is known to few,
And boasts of wealth, with nought to give—
To poor friends bid adieu.

The deeds of man will show his soul,
Foretell its future doom—
Though man may here in millions roll,
His corpse must seek a tomb.
The earth, unsullied in its day,
When molded into man,
Is stagnant ere 'tis cast away
From all the living van.

Thus, one was rich, or seemed to be,
With pride could boast a store,
Yet did not think of poverty,
Or friends he knew were poor,
For if he did he would not slight
A brother's last remains,
By keeping far away from sight
To save his hoarded gains.

An only brother, lying low,
Could call his name in vain,
While sinking 'neath the fatal blow
Which severed mortal pain.
The worldly god took all his mind ;
No feeble voice was heard ;
To sadness he was ne'er inclined ;
For death no sorrow stirred.

He would not lend a helping-hand ;
He would not own the dead
Who now lies deep beneath the sand,
In his most lonely bed.
One day he, too, shall sleep beneath
The sod upon the hill,
And on his grave the only wreath,
A living foe's ill-will.

BAAL.

Slow the sun in all his grandeur,
When arising in the morn,
Gilds the face of beaming nature
In whatever place we turn.
From a red to welcome golden
In the zenith he appears,
Then the golden rays soon brighten—
Smiling nature's head upears.

Dimly grows the passing vision
As the day speeds quickly on,
While the sun is on its mission—
But its light shall soon be gone.

Like the transitory shadows,
Ever distant, ever near,
Does it throw its brilliant colors
When the world looks bleak and drear.

THE OLEANDER.

See the last sweet oleander
In beauty's favored bower,
On its twig so weak and tender,
Where is seen no other flow'r;
Not a rose-bud near to greet it,
And return its gentle bow,
Or to tell it each sweet merit—
"Tis deserted, lonely now.

See its pure and tender petals
Ever beaming like the sun,
Born to live and die, like mortals,
When its fleeting age has run.
Like a twinkler in the heavens
In its mantle vast and blue,
Here the oleander glistens
With its weight in morning dew.

All alone! yet oh how grandly
Does its contrast to the green,
Which surrounds it, show its beauty,
Reigning like some favored queen.
Through the night, in dewy shower,
Does it long for coming morn,
When its face, from shady bower,
Shows it beaming their forlorn.

TO CARRIE W——R.

To-day we are strangers together ;
Our school days are things of the past ;
Familiar we seem to each other,
But pride holds the matured tongue fast.
Your eyes, like a beacon, shone brightly,
Enquiring they seemed in their gaze
While fixed on the author intently,
As one known in past happy days.

Now childhood's sweet days are forgotten ;
The school-days of old are no more ;
The impulse of gold and of fashion
Have found something better in store.
No breath from the innocent titter ;
No smile in your sweet childish way
Now greets with delight—no, will never—
Friends of youth, while fashion holds sway.

How vast are the ways and the wand'lings
Of friends whom we parted at school ;
How vast are the ways and the changings
Which follow the race as a rule.
Adversity strikes some most surely,
And follows wherever they go,
While friends of their youth pass them hourly,
And smile with disdain at their woe.

Some favored by friends and by fortune
Seek friends 'mong the rich and the great,
For life is a thing to give way soon—
They leave the poor friends to their fate.

They claim no acquaintance with paupers
 Too low to regain a lost place,
Though once they had acted as brothers—
 Of friendship, in need, there's no trace.

Thus school-days—no longer remembered
 Where pride in its power holds sway—
With deeds of the past shall be numbered,
 And left, like us all, to decay.
Yet faces of friends not forgotten,
 Shall float like a cloud in the sky,
Appeal to the mind in a vision,
 And linger along—never die.

BANISHED FROM HOME.

Oh, father, kind father, turn not from thy shelter,
 To wander from thee, sad and lone,
Your young and sin-blackened, but still faithful daughter—
 I promise you now to atone.
Beseeching thy blessing, and future protection,
 To thee, as in infancy's years,
I bow with submission—oh pray take reflection—
 I'm penitent now—have no fears !

Without you, a stranger, to grope through the darkness,
 And snares which beset on all sides.
Oh, Father, look down on your daughter with kindness !
 Advice she no longer derides.
The snow-flakes are falling, the chill wind is blowing,
 And must I stay here in the cold,
While bells in the towers, unceasingly tolling,
 Are calling the young and the old?

In sorrow I kneel at thy feet, dearest father.
 Forgive what I've done in the past ;
Forget all the faults of a penitent daughter,
 Who wanders alone an outcast !
In tears I implore you, and beg hard for pardon,
 Thy love, as in childhood's bright hour,
A place in the home where I am not forgotten,
 Then I'll be content as of yore.

PRINTING.

Who can tell the busy working
 Of the printer's brain and hand,
When the printing-press is running—
 Spectacle sublime and grand.
Knowing not how oft the copy,
 Scribbled off in any style,
Words misspelled and paper blotty,
 Is condemned as something vile.

Author reads his proof—how altered
 Is the sense from what he meant ;
Ev'ry sentence, mayhap, doctored—
 To his feelings then give vent.
Seeks the typo as his victim—
 Never cooling down his rage—
Typo's mad enough to split him,
 While the war of words they wage.

Then corrections fill the proof-sheet,
 Here Italic, there for Caps,
Here a letter off its feet,
 There a word the author drops.

Here an out, and there a double,
Then a sentence to transcribe ;
When corrected, still more trouble—
A revise where type must jibe.

While imposing on the galley,
Typo, in his haste, makes pi,
Then of oaths he pours a volley
Till the lines will justify.
To the chase he then coveys it,
And with quoins to lock it up,
Shooting-stick and flying mallet,
Pounds the quoins, nor does he stop

Till the form, like solid iron,
To his anxious gaze will lift,
Till the chase around environ
Tight enough to stand a shift.
To the press with care 'tis carried,
Locked compactly in the bed,
Planed, and then the press is started—
One to feed it overhead.

Paper printed, press is silent,
Form is carried to the sink,
With a brush and lye they wash it
To erase the printer's ink.
On the stone, at last, it settles,
When the form is then unlocked,
And the foreign news and locals,
With the ads, remain intact.

Typo then throws in the matter
Till he has a full supply—

If for copy he must loiter,
 Then he takes a turn at pi.
 Copy ready, he composes ;
 Type are clicking loud and fast ;
 When a stick-full it reposes
 On a galley firm, at rest.

Sticking type without cessation
 Till his case is rather low,
 Or a proof comes for correction.
 Mind will he on work bestow.
 Slow the work, and yet how mighty
 Is the power it commands,
 Shedding light on matters weighty,
 Feared and loved in many lands.

TO SUSIE A. K——.

Nearer to the longed-for meeting
 Does each moment waft the form
 Knowing not the kind of greeting,
 Whether 'tis for good or harm.
 Visions of the one expected
 Vary with each drift of time ;
 In the writing is detected
 Nothing but a face sublime.
 Gladly do we, in the distance,
 Send the polished thoughts of mind,
 Showing in them no resemblance
 To the form and face behind.
 Finest thoughts and inspiration
 Flow not from the most refined ;
 In the depths of dissipation
 Do we find the noblest mind.

GEORGIE.

Georgie, brief has been our meeting ;
Let our friendship ever be
Cherished through this life so fleeting,
Yet an age it seems to me.

May the future, ever distant
In the far-off realms of time,
Bring you in its mighty current
One who'll prove a valentine.

ERIN'S HARP.

In gloom sleeps the harp of our Isle's faded glory,
No touch from the harpist awaken's its voice ;
Its fame is now told in the annals of story—
No more shall its music make Erin rejoice.

With the fall of Erin the harp has departed,
To rest mute and cold in the grave of despair.
The once Wooded Isle is now bleak and deserted ;
No longer the harp can arouse it to cheer.

Thy strings are all broken, thy form rent assunder,
And those who protected thee faded and gone ;
With no one to care thee, in death you must slumber ;
Your wild notes of music must now be unknown.

How the thrilling voice of the maid as she touched thee
Re-echoed the soul-stirring strains of thy chords,
And lingered in cadence so clear, and so sweetly,
Where nought we can see with such beauty accords.

SNOW.

I peeped through the window at dawning of day
To see if the weather was fine,
Beholding a scene which stretched far away,
Unsullied, unspotted by time,
Spread like a sheet through the hill and the valley.
The purest of crystal it seemed,
Unbroken it shone, where sunlight fell freely,
Reflecting its merits undreamed.

Trees in the distance were clothed in a mantle
The same as the hill and the vale,
Casing the huge boughs, like magic, to sparkle
While bowing polite to the gale.
Winding and turning at every angle,
Where comers and goers pass by,
The footprints of mankind, double and single,
Is caught now and then by the eye.

THE OLD HAT.

Rejected and scorned art thou, dearest old comrade,
Forgotten, neglected and lone,
A pile in the corner, you make no one's heart glad :
Your merits to few are now known,
Unnoticed by man, like a stone in the valley
Inhumanly cast here and there.
For now thou art old, and can boast of no ally
To look to your neatness and care,
In the past you had friends who told ev'ry merit,
And handled thee tenderly 'round,

And who envied the man who did thee inherit—
 No handsomer hat could be found ;
But to-day, you're as sound, but far more unfriended,
 For cobwebs and dust hold full sway,
Concealing the part which had always extended
 So high in mid-air, and so gay.

Once I adored thee, and fondly had cherished
 Your image the dearest of all.
With pride through the street how gaily I flourished—
 Those times do I proudly recall.
Thou wert clean when, as friends, we parted forever ;
 No spot could be seen on thy crown.
A later style caused us, in sadness, to sever
 Connections—no friendlier known.

Like the old of all lands, you linger and perish—
 I, too, may be doomed to your fate,
Like you, for a time, may defiantly flourish,
 Be left in the very same state.
Old age, in its weakness, should e'er be respected,
 No matter to what it belongs.
Possessors should e'er be with kindness protected,
 And shielded from all of their wrongs.

PLAY NO MORE.

Play no more those once fond waltzes,
 Strike not on the keys again ;
Ev'ry note familiar causes
 Dreaded anguish, bitter pain.

Once 'twas sweet to hear resounding
 Waltz and polka through the hall,

See the merry dancers bounding,
Keeping time to music's call.

Since that time how many changes,
Bitter pangs of grief and woe
To the heart, alas ! enstranges
Songs and scenes of long ago.

Happy was I, and contented
With my humble lot in life,
Till my hopes of bliss were stunted,
And I lost my little wife.

KATIE DEAR.

Katie, dear, I'm true forever ;
Can I hear the same from you ?
If 'tis so, we'll meet together
In the twilight's falling dew.
Where the full moon beams the brightest,
Sparkling on Kenoza Lake,
Where the clovers' scent is sweetest
I will linger for your sake.

Yes, dear Katie, I will linger
With a hope still in my breast
That you love me, and no other,
That you're faithful to the last.

In the distance, dark and gloomy,
Spread the hills in verdure green,
While below, so bleak and dreary,
Does Kenoza fill the scene ;

Yet they brighten with the prospect
Of an interview with thee,
When all nature will seem perfect,
Though now otherwise to me.

We can listen to the warblings
Of the water on the Lake ;
We can there express our feelings,
Tell of love that nought can shake,
Wander into future regions
Blest with happiness and joy—
All around us vast dominions
Ever pleasing to the eye ;

Stir once more the loving impulse
In the heart both warm and true,
Cause the eyes to meet in silence,
Show what words can never do.
Eye and hand shall meet together,
Each expressing love sincere,
One the love, the other lover—
Katie, will you meet me here ?

THE REPLY.

I have heard your declaration ;
I have weighed each simple word,
And will here, 'thout hesitation
Tell you what you would have heard.
In no mortal have I ever
Placed such trust as now in you.
If you wish, I'm yours forever :
I'll be faithful, ever true.

I will meet you by the lake-side ;
I will listen for your tread,
And at its sound will quickly bound
To meet you where you said.
I will meet you there with pleasure,
When fair luna shines on high,
Where the gentle winds will quiver
Summer's canopy close by.

Ev'ry rustle shall be noted,
Ev'ry warble from the lake
On which you always doated,
Shall be cherished for your sake.
Let us part, to linger longer
In the evening's cooling breeze,
Where with joy we'll tread together
'Neath the overhanging trees.

THE MEETING.

Ever true in ev'ry feature,
Ever kind, and ever just
Are you, Katie, in your manner,
In your pure and honest trust.
Now, I ask you, words responding
To the feelings of the heart,
Will you take me, Katie, darling,
With a promise ne'er to part?

Words unspoken, yet expressive
In the eyes, the slender hand,
Tell, in silence, how impressive
Is the promise on demand.

Softly breaks the deadly silence,
Sweetly sounds the whisper “Yes,”
One embrace—of love the essence—
Then their feelings who can guess?

Now in bliss they tread the valley,
Weaving joys of future days,
Dreaming all that make life happy,
Now so real to their gaze.

Hand in hand, with heads together,
Loving whispers sweet and low,
In the darkness do they wander,
Minds fixed not on where to go.

THE RESULT.

Where in former days of pleasure,
In the summer evening’s breeze,
In the woodland by the water,
Sauntered Katie with such ease,
Is a cottage, snug and tidy ;
Katie fills its dairy seat,
Always pleasing, ever happy
In her lovely, sweet retreat.

Now she gazes on the landscape
In the same enquiring way,
And she listens for the footstep
At declining of the day.
When ’tis heard, she bounds to meet it
With the same fond, winning smile,
For she knows the owner’s merit—
'Tis Bill coming home from toil.

THE GRAVE-YARD.

When a deathlike stillness prevails over all,
And twilight is falling around,
In silence and sorrow how oft we recall
A friendly face in burial ground.
And when, through our fondness, we visit the grave,
Of one we had loved long ago,
Perhaps we'll behold there the willow tree's wave,
As it's rocked by the wind to and fro.

We meditate then on the last fatal day
On earth we are doomed to remain,
When, like a lost friend, we are soon called away,
And relieved of all trouble and pain,
And wonder what friends, like ourselves, will return
To visit the desolate spot,
Where a tombstone's face they can only discern
To show a friend is low in the lot.

EMPTY PRIDE.

The rich man looks down from his kingdom
Of fantastic splendor and pride,
To gaze unmolested, with venom,
On mites to which wealth is denied.
The look of the thorn in his features,
And the scornful smile on his face ;
He minglest not with other creatures
Who, badly had lost fortune's race.

'Round his place the angels come flocking,
All winged like the vast birds of prey,
Which hover around something shocking
Until it's all eaten away.
They flatter his ways and his merits,
Stand by him while rolling in scrip,
And when all the wealth he inherits
Is squandered they soon let him slip.

PRINCIPLE.

Judge no man ill by what he wears,
Or how he stands in life—
If honesty and truth he bears
'Twill bring him through the strife.
His clothes in tatters may be found,
Or patched up here and there,
Yet under may be pure and sound,
A jewel bright and rare.

If honesty you wish to find,
Seek not the richest men
Who move in circles most refined,
But seek the poor man's den.
In poverty and want you'll see
The poorest brightly shine,
And eager with their charity,
With little to resign.

The richest man is more reserved,
And parts with wealth in pain;
The poorest man, with honor nerved,
Divides the only grain.

'Tis principle, you'll soon perceive,
 Must constitute the man,
A poor one ever will deceive,
 A good one never can.

LINES

WRITTEN IN AN AUTOGRAPH ALBUM.

Unsullied and untainted leaf,
 Committed to my care,
My writings on you shall be brief—
 My autograph you'll bear.
May she to whom this book belonged,
 As pure as was this page,
Be spotless, and around her thronged
 A heav'nly equipage.

In heav'nly joys may she partake,
 While on that blissful shore ;
To angel's harps may she awake,
 And with them brightly soar.
May everlasting rest be hers,
 And she with glory shine,
Forgetting 'bout this world of ours,
 Its troubles and its crime.

Though friends may miss you from the hearth,
 And look for you in vain,
They'll ne'er forget your moral worth,
 But wish you back again ;
And since the dead can ne'er return
 From their peaceful abode,
Hearts left behind with pray'rs shall burn,
 For blessings on your road.

FALSE PRIDE.

How many we meet in our contact
With trouble and care in this life,
Who, in conversation, are exact,
Too high-toned to battle with strife.
Some, participating in nonsense,
Rejoice at their own self-esteem,
Are never reproached by their conscience,
For nothing is done ill they deem.

They frown on a neighbor half-perished
By honesty's sublime decree,
Defrauding no being, but punished
By famine in ev'ry degree.
How baneful, distrustful and surly,
They look on a friend, who before,
Was recognized equal, and dearly
Was welcomed to knock at the door.

False pride in its very worst stages
Abound without stint through the land,
Possessed by our fools and our sages,
Attempting to make themselves grand.
They scatter like sheep in the meadow
Without the least cause of alarm,
From some good, but penniless fellow,
Who does them no mischief nor harm.

In life some begin as a pauper,
No friends or encouragement near,
To fight unremittingly over
The obstacles where they appear.

'Tis hard thus to battle misfortune,
 Unaided, misguided and scorned,
Not a thought of a change to come soon.
 Not a hope that the tide will be turned.

'Tis courage and diligent labor
 Accomplishes many great ends,
And here will the poor man find favor,
 If on them he boldly depends.
False pride cannot change a man's future,
 Though now he may revel, and boast
Of who he excels—how much better
 He is in this world than the rest.

How many with pride are devouring
 Much more than their incomes can meet—
False pride is the god they're adoring,
 And have not the pow'r to retreat.
A moderate style they're ashamed of;
 It suits not their station in life;
Like others they must appear well off,
 And keep up to modes that are rife.

'Tis not the most wealthy have false pride
 Forever attached to their names;
The poorest mechanic is decoyed,
 And driven right into the flames.
No longer his bills are all balanced—
 His income's too small for the test,
And his word is no longer enhanced—
 With due-bills he's often oppressed.

His wife will not stoop from the summit—
 Too proud to acknowledge the fault,—

But exhort her husband to buffet
The storm till he comes to a halt.
Thus, thrown from the height of ambition,
They enter, degraded and meek,
Their former and humbler position,
The cause of an ungoverned freak.

False pride makes a mother inhuman,
And causes neglect of her child ;
To carry it, is out of fashion—
A thing from which neighbors recoiled.
A mother, neglecting her offspring,
Should blush for her feeling and shame,
While some other woman is nursing
The child who's bearing her name.

How oft we see friends cut each other
Because they look shabby in dress,
Because they are humbler and poorer,
Or steeped in the deepest distress.
False pride is the curse of our nation ;
'Tis stamped in its heaviest form.
For years there has been no cessation.
It ought to be looked on with scorn.

WINTER.

Spotless, untrodden, and far in the distance
The mantle of white stretches out to our view,
Clothing the valley, the wood and the highlands
In raiment unsought for, unwished for, though new.

Through the scene so bright in sun's golden beaming,
The Merrimack's water, as dark as deceit,

Flows on through the vale, as though it was dreaming,
So smoothly, yet deep, to some other retreat.

The rows of hills on its sides ever gleaming,
And viewing the water so dark at the base,
Moving incessantly, never returning ;
In ocean's vast expanse they soon find a place.

Trees clothed in grandeur peep into the darkness,
Of Merrimack's liquid, as onward it flows,
Reflecting each bough, with its weight so spotless,
Like shadows unmoved in the softest repose.

The sun's brilliant light, from far distant regions,
Through clouds peereth forth from the deepest of blue,
And smile with joy on our earthly dominions,
The earth smiling back in its winter-bright hue.

The birds fly briskly about through the branches,
In wonderment chirp at the wildness of Spring—
The bough of crystal on which each bird launches,
Submits to the ravage each sparrow doth bring.

The fowl in the barn come out from their shelter,
Expecting to pick through the field and the lane,
But when they behold the changes of nature,
And ground in its white robe—to venture, refrain.

JACK AND I.

Dearest Jack, can you remember
All those joyous days of old,
When we ever to each other
Many secrets did unfold?

And how long we kept them secret,
And how precious they had seemed,
While we never for a moment
Of proving false had dreamed.

Children were we then together,
And confiding to the last,
Ever friendly to each other—
But, dear Jack, those days are passed.
Now 'tis John the people call you ;
More exalted you may seem,
But as Jack I'll always know you—
I care nought for self-esteem.

Oft in boyhood have we traveled
In the wood and through the lane ;
Though the scenes are all remodeled,
You and I are still the same.
Though the world should elevate you,
Send you on the road to fame,
I will never hesitate to
Call you, old boy, Jack by name.

MAY.

Welcome time of apple-blossom,
Greeting to the month of May ;
Scenting air with sweetest perfume—
Who from it can turn away ?

TO LIZZIE M——Y.

WRITEN FOR A FRIEND.

Dearest Lizzie, in the summer
Let us meet each other oft,
Where the Zephyr's gentle murmur
Many perfumes hither waft.
'Neath the chestnuts, gay and cheerful,
Let our hopes of bliss be told,
Vowing ever to be faithful—
Always happy—never cold.

Let us strive to please each other,
And as equals let us talk ;
Let us pray that we may ever
Prove sincere—like lovers walk
'Neath the shade of verdant chestnuts,
And unconscious to aught else,
Where the pleasant summer moments
Will pass quickly—prove not false.

Often have we met together,
Simply friends, and nothing more.
Let us be a little nearer,
Pledge our love forevermore.
Slight not him who strives to please thee,
Thinking ever of thy name,
Wishing to be near thee, Lizzie,
Caring more for you than fame.

Faults he may have—so have others—
You are not exempt from these.
All are guilty of some errors,
Showing forth in all degrees.

Not possessed of wealth or power,
Never numbered with the grand,
But with hopes of some in future,
All of which you may command.

Frown not on this declaration
From a true and honest heart,
Holding you in veneration,
Hoping that we ne'er shall part.
True as words you see indited
On this once unsullied page,
Is the heart and hand which writes it
To you Lizzie, till old age.

MARSHAL BAZAINE.

While far away from kindred,
And from my native shore,
I mourn and weep unheeded,
To thee dear France I soar.
Despoiled of all my titles,
My record with the grand,
To me they seem as trifles—
I still must love that land.

Dear France, I've done my duty—
No man has proved more true.
I saw thee in thy beauty,
But now must bid adieu
To all thy charms and grandeur—
It was no fault of mine ;
I still am thy adorer ;
My heart shall e'er be thine.

Despised by all my people,
And banished far away,
With voice and heart, now feeble,
For thee dear France I'll pray.
When I no more shall wander
Along thy lovely Seine,
Will friends in France remember
The one they called Bazaine?

THE OUTCAST.

Slowly the snowflakes are falling,
Like feathers they float through the air,
While here and there it is drifting,
The flakes making hills ev'rywhere.
A child, alone, and unfriended,
Is seen through the light-floating specks
Plodding, with strength nigh expended,
Through snow-drifts and wind, which are checks.

Sadly she moans from the coldness,
A pityful sight to behold ;
No place to go to, and friendless,
An exile alone in the cold.
Through the dark night in her sorrow,
Rejected by all of her friends,
No place to go on the morrow,
With pray'rful entreaties she bends.

Snow-bound she kneels, eyes extended,
Hands clasped, supplicating for aid,
While tears which fell soon created
An icicle where they were laid.

At morn she was cold and lifeless,
As white as the snow in her bed,
Pure as an angel, and spotless
As that where she pillow'd her head.

SILENCE.

The haloed moon from dusky clouds of grey
Strived hard to smile on earth like sun in day.
The palest light fell dimly on the hill,
Where voices lulled to sleep were still.
The tree-top green in summer's warm embrace
Showed faintly in the glow its welcome face ;
Yet dark and dreary in the vale below,
Where glides the river in its gentle flow,
Where singing waters o'er the rocky bed
Break through the silence of the sleeping dead.
No glimpse of light to cheer the favored spot
Could reach the lofty spire or humble cot.
So dark and still the vale had seemed to all,
Save where the water in its constant fall
Broke in upon the wand'rer's list'ning ear,
And seemed to utter "this is bleak and drear!"
No bird-call sounded in the leafy dell ;
No wind was there to rustle where they dwell ;
No footstep marred the now all-hallowed scene ;
The busy hum bid good-bye to the green.

Twilight falls in solemn grandeur
Where the sun once brightly shone,
Lulling on a darker feature—
Twilight never comes alone.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

Place the wreath, the cross and banner,
On the grave where lowly lies
One who never proved a traitor
To the flag which o'er him flies.

Whisper softly, tread as lightly
In the presence of the dead,
For this lonely spot is holy,
Sacred to the one who bled.

Twine the garlands 'round his tombstone,
Let their fragrance fill the air,
And show the spot where freedom's son
Fell a soldier, brave and fair.

JENNY.

How pale and sad to-day you seem.
You're not the child I've known
When manhood was a future dream,
And grief was never shown.

Then, Jennie, what a blithesome girl
In school you seemed to be?
To-day all childish joys you hurl
Into eternity.

A lover now you seek instead
Of childish freaks and joys,
On which to lay your golden-head
And feast your rolling eyes.

We sit together in the room—

Although we've met before,
We sit as silent as the tomb,
Forgetting days of yore.

We know each other still the same,

Recall the place we met,
Yet dare not call the other's name,
For pride will not permit.

A PRINTER'S DEATH.

Speak not with disdain if a misdeed he's done ;
In peace let him rest in the grave where he's gone,
To sleep cold and silent, with friends gone before,
'Neath the sod on the hill, for now he'll no more
Ply metal with swiftness ; no more will the click
Of minion or agate be heard in his stick.
Now placed in the casket, he hears not a sound
While drawn in a hearse to the burial ground.

As he goes to the grave, a dirge lowly played
By the band walking 'fore the hearse where he's laid,
Recalls to the passer some other dear one
They cherished and loved, but like him, has passed on.
The drum being muffled, a dull sound is heard,
Which tells that a mortal must now be interred
Where birds of the forest, so joyous and free,
Will sing their sweet songs as they perch on each tree.

They sing not to please him ; they know not his name ;
They ask not his nation, nor from whence he came.
To them he is silent, and troubles them not,
And they ask for no more, and none shall be sought.

He waits not for copy—the take is all set;
The matter is measured, and he's out of debt.
'Mid sound of the bugle and beat of the drum
The form of the printer was borne to his home.

No printers are near him, but dead matter nigh
Would cause him, if living, to call such form pi.
No printers are near him to throw in the same;
No case is requested to put on the frame.
The form gently handled, the galley is nigh,
On which it is placed by the friends standing by;
Deposited now where 'twill ne'er be used more,
The case is placed then in the rack they're before.

TOILING AT THE LOOM.

You, who know the life in fact'ries,
Toiling at the busy loom,
Can at least recall the mis'ries
Of a maiden in full bloom,
Working hard, and still contented
With the pittance she receives,
Always loving, tender-hearted,
At misfortune seldom grieves.

Hear her sing the song of sadness
While she runs the noisy loom,
Giving place to one of gladness,
For she never yields to gloom.
Ne'er was king or queen so happy
As the humble fact'ry girl,
When her loom is going steady
And the pulleys quickly whirl.

When her work has no flaw in it,
And the loom is never still
From the time when first she starts it
To her passing from the mill
For a dinner, or a supper,
As the case may ever be,
She rejoices as no other,
For a happy girl is she.

MY NATIVE HOME.

I loved thee in boyhood,
Adore thee in manhood,
And smile with delight when I hear thy fond name.
Thou'rt always endearing,
Though faintly appearing
To me in a vision, yet thou art the same.

I fondly recall thee,
My dear spindle city,
As something most precious when far from my home.
In visions around me
I see all thy beauty
Brilliant in contrast to that where I've come.

So, true to my nature,
I still know each feature
Which bound me to thee in the bright, happy past.
And e'er will remember
The scenes I passed over.
While blood circulates I will love thee the best.

THE HIGH-SCHOOL ELM.

IT STOOD IN FRONT OF THE NEW HIGH SCHOOL IN
HAVERHILL, MASS.

They've felled the elm. The noble tree
Which met our gaze so oft
Has been destroyed remorselessly,
And but a remnant's left.

'Tis strewn about upon the ground ;
Boughs scattered here and there
Has proved the old tree not unsound,
Though all its limbs were bare.

How many looked on thee with pride
In years forever gone !
How oft the north wind you've defied
When it came roaring on !

To-day your fragments strew the ground,
Profusely scattered o'er
The very place where once we found
You wielded kingly pow'r.

Your pleasant shade from summer's sun
Was welcomed by us all,
And we regret what has been done
To cause you thus to fall ;

But other men than those you've seen
When first you felt the light,
Who nursed thee in thy infant green,
Are now without the right

To shield thee from the fatal blow
Of woodman's brawny arm,
Defend you 'gainst the men we knew
Were bent to do you harm.

How lovely did thy branches bend
Before the coming gale!
Now your career is at an end,
And we, your friends, bewail.

'Twas underneath your cooling shade
We, pleasant moments spent;
As boys and girls together played,
And with you were content;

But present times must change the men
And alter scenes of yore,
And what we relished mostly then
We can behold no more.

If you could tell what has been seen
Beneath your out-stretched arm,
Or tell what has been heard, I ween
No man would do you harm.

'Twas here the lovers ceased to walk,
In silence here sat down,
And here of future joys did talk,
Perhaps of great renown;

And as the old tree sheltered them
Its boughs swayed to and fro,
Disturbing summer evening's calm
So many years ago.

The little bird would sing his song,

Unharmed by man or beast,

Far out of sight, but up among

The branches—what a feast

For those who loved what nature gave,

Still unadorned by man,

Who'd sacrifice a vast to save

A friend whene'er they can.

No more the notes shall swell the breeze,

From birds perched on that tree.

Thy cool shade must forever cease

To greet friends who loved thee.

Then good-bye to thee, dear old tree.

In sorrow we must part,

For all I loved is torn from me,

The old tree of my heart.

A last farewell, before we part,

The deepest sigh from me ;

The last impression on my heart

Is for thee, dear old tree.

MAGGIE.

Maggie, dear, who can but love thee,

With thy sweet and winning smile,

Stare in wonder at the beauty

Nothing worldly can defile ?

See those sad, blue eyes, reflecting

All that mortal can conceive,

Kindest in their brilliant beaming—

Maggie, who could thee deceive ?

Lillie art thou in thy manner,
 Always sweet and dear to all;
May you, Maggie, be thus ever,
 Weaving 'round a pleasant thrall.
Tendril-like your friends are clinging
 To a bud so fully blown;
Each one bends his thoughts on winning
 You, dear Maggie, for his own.

Who can tell the many changes
 In the passing age of man?
Who can see thought's highest ranges
 In each human life we scan?
Maggie, too, shall change in actions,
 When by trouble she is tried,
When adrift with other factions
 On life's bosom vast and wide.

ON THE DEEP.

Where the sea-breeze lulled the tourists
 With its pure, refreshing air,
And the white spray spread like flow'rets
 In the hot sun's burning glare,
And the sea-gull swooped its grandest,
 Pealing forth its shrillest cry,
Where the white waves rolled the highest
 In grandeur tow'rd the sky,

Sailed the good bark Mary Etta
 In her spotless robe of white,
Plowing gaily through the water
 As it sparkled in the light.

All around, as if in visions,
Dotted o'er the noisy sheet,
Flitting on their worldly missions,
Like a distant spectre fleet,

Specks of white, so light and airy,
Spread their broad wings to the gale,
Gliding on like some sweet fairy
Read of in some wondrous tale.

Now upon the tall waves riding,
Then within the rolling folds,
While the spray, like diamonds sparkling,
Gilds the place which grandeur holds.

So sublime and yet so frightful
Is the scene spread out to view,
Where no landscape greets the hopeful ;
But a vast expanse of blue,

And the roaring of the waters
Ever falling on the ear,
While the sea-breeze gently murmurs
Through the rigging, sweet and clear.

When the sun is slowly sinking,
Bidding good-bye to the day,
And the restless waves are gilding,
Sparkling in the dying ray,

And the red ball growing larger,
Seeming rolling on the deep,
Not a view so vast, or grander.
To the eye can ever leap.

Then the twilight, creeping slowly,
Shows the sailor's guiding star

While reflected in a mirror
From the azure realms afar,
Pointing out the course to follow
On the lone and dreary waste,
Where, perhaps upon the morrow.
All in death may be encased.

MUSIC.

The sound of music cheers my heart,
When far from friends and home,
Recalls some scene I had to part
When I began to roam.

Reminding me of pleasant days,
Which now have ceased to be :
I wander far beyond their gaze
Where all is strange to me.

A martial air will thrill my soul
And bring my mind to thee,
The far-off and the loving goal,
Where friends still think of me.

THE HEARTLESS UNCLE.

Mother, why don't uncle help us?
He must know we're very poor,
That dear father now has left us
To be gone forevermore.

Mother, dear, the tears are falling !
Hide not from your little boy

Why they run while I am talking !

Why does uncle pass us by ?

Mother, when my father sadly
Left this world—so cold and pale—
Why did uncle act so meanly,
When, as one, he should bewail ?

Now, I know the reason, mother,
That he did not seek our door ;
'Tis because his only brother
Died and left us very poor.

THE PARTING.

Tommy, dear, how can you leave me ?
Leave a maid who loves you well—
She who loved thee long and dearly ?
Must she now without you dwell ?
Think, before you leave me, Tommy,
Of the sacred vows you made.
Think of me without you, lonely,
With a love that ne'er can fade.

Must you wander as a stranger ?
Must you leave your native home ?
Can you find one who loves fonder
Than the one you leave to moan ?
No ; a heart more true and constant
In a human being's breast,
Never beat a single moment
For the one it loves the best.

Still you say that we must sever ?
Will we ever meet again ?

No ; I fear we never, never
Can remove the parting pain.
Well, good-bye, since we must sever,
Let our parting words be few.
Farewell, Tommy ! yes, forever !
This shall be our last adieu.

THE SON AND HIS MOTHER.

Dear Mother, deep I see
The wrinkles on your brow.
When young, you nourished me,
And I'll stand by you now.
I think of days gone by,
And joys no more I'll see,
But, mother, till I die
You'll find a son in me.

The days of youthful ease,
And mother's tender care,
In mind shall never cease
To hold their merits there.
The ease and comfort then
Unthought of seems to be.
But, mother, though a man,
I'm still a boy to thee.

No pride can ever turn
A son's devoted mind
From mother—older grown—
However unrefined.
The heart and hand shall brave
Whate'er is true to thee,
And while I live you'll have
A steadfast son in me.

LINES

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

Katie, wilt thou in the future,
When more happy you shall be,
When you're wedded to another,
Ever kindly think of me?
Scenes may change, and things may alter.
You from young to older grow,
But you'll e'er esteem the writer
As the friend of long ago.

Who can scorn the early pleasures,
When as children, light and free,
We enjoyed with many others,
Greeted with such childish glee.
Distant were we when together,
Yet more distant may we be,
While I'm writing this I wonder
Do you ever think of me?

Life is strange, but truth is stranger.
Winning smiles how oft deceive,
Lure the victim into danger.
Never thinking of reprieve.
May we now, as ever, Katie,
In the bright and happy past,
When together, be as happy,
Cherish childhood to the last.

Let not trust nor high position
Dim the love of childhood days;

Let us view them in a vision,
Brightened with sun's golden rays.
Wilt thou, when we widely wander
Far away from where we met,
Ever read this o'er, and ponder
On the joys I'll ne'er forget?

Time may blast all castle-building,
Care may come to trouble thee,
But wilt thou, while time is gliding,
Ever kindly think of me?
Yes, I ask but this one favor
Ere the time shall pass away,
When all earthly joys are over,
And when you and I are clay.

Let me in this precious album,
Where some friendly names I see,
Write my autograph among them,
Though unnoticed it may be.
So farewell, with kindest wishes,
And with still my former plea,
Wilt thou, Katie, when a Mrs.,
Ever kindly think of me?

COLDNESS.

In a hamlet small, and poorly
Furnished with the needs of life,
On a bed, departing slowly
From this vain and wicked life,
Lies a man in sad condition,
With his wife and children near

Sending heav'nward a petition
For the one they love so dear.

But he does not heed their wailing,
He's unconscious to the call,
For his little strength is failing
And he soon must leave them all.
Now his breath is coming quicker,
And his once bright eyes grow dim,
But he tries in vain to mutter
Something sweet and dear to him.

His lips are seen to move again ;
His frame is growing weaker ;
He calls for one, alas ! in vain.
That one, an only brother.
But the brother does not enter,
Nor in sadness mourn his fate,
Yet he knows there is no other,
None but him to love—not hate.

SONG.

O, would that this reception
Could be but felt again,
Thy lips make one impression,
And longer there remain.
O, would those arms were folded
Around my neck once more,
And we together molded
As one, to tread life o'er.
You little knew how fondly,
In the summer twilight's fall,

When, with your arms around me,
I had loved you best of all.
'Twas sweet—that happy meeting.
Soon may it come again,
And then not be so fleeting,
Nor leave so much of pain.

The moisture seems as fresh to-day
Upon the part you pressed
With ruby lips, so fresh and gay,
As when 'twas first impressed.
Innocence possessed your heart,
And may it ne'er decay.
May peace and plenty form your part,
And cheer you on your way.

LIFE AND DEATH.

TO SUSIE A. K.

Polished tongues will show good breeding
When the speaker is unseen,
So will foul minds hide their meaning
Where the written words will screen.
Life is not as some will think it,
But a scourge to mortal frail,
Left at anchor, yet must buffet
With the ever-coming gale.

Life is not the circulating
Of the blood through ev'ry vein,
Nor the strong, impulsive beating
Of the heart, with sullied brain.

'Tis a motive pure, unselfish,
 To befriend—defraud not one—
 Which makes life a thing to cherish,
 Nourish as we journey on.

Death is certain to each mortal—
 All must journey on to die.
 Life, in earnest, opes the portal
 To the realms beyond the sky.
 Death is thought of but a moment,
 As a trifle in the scales
 'Gainst the pain, eternal torment
 Which must come, which never fails.

When in agony, and dying—
 Mortal seeks repentance then.
 Wishing, praying, vainly crying
 For a chance to live again—
 All his deeds of good are measured
 With the evil he has done.
 And the good is overpowered,
 While life's battle—evil won.

EUCHRE.

Poor, fickle Fred, will still persist
 In euchre to excess.
 The good old game he can't resist—
 'Tis better far than chess.
 Sweet Sarah thinks his mind from her
 Is taken with that game,
 And sighs, alas! to think a slur
 Thrown on her—'tis a shame.

She wishes Fred cut up in style
For playing at that game,
But I confess I would not soil
The paper with the same.
Go in Fred, and have your time
From Natick on to Sax,
And with your chums in euchre join,
No matter who 'twill vex.

Let all who will, in accents loud,
When'er they wish, rebel,
But always, with a jolly crowd,
Play euchre long and well.
Though Sal disdains to use the cards,
Let not her words deter,
Or keep you from the merry birds
That gaslight keeps astir.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Distant words are spoken loudly,
Where no mortal form is seen,
Traced upon the parchment slowly,
Soon is written what we mean.

THE DRINKER'S CHILD.

In the village church-yard lay me,
Where my mother calmly rests;
Let the high grass wave above me;
Let the lowly be my guests.

Dearest father, I am going—
See, my life is ebbing fast—
To the most Immortal Being,
Who is grateful to the just.

Listen, Father, to your darling,
For I soon must pass away.
Ere the dawning of the morning
You may see in me but clay.
When the sun is rising, father,
Bringing forth another day,
You may be without a daughter—
Will you list to what I say?

You know what's killed my mother.
'Tis the same that injured me,
And the same will kill you, father,
If you are not from it free.
Come, now promise me—I'm dying—
You will leave the cup alone.
Why, dear father, you are crying!
Yes, 'tis time you should atone.

Dearest father, kneel beside me!
Wipe those bitter tears away!
Let thy daughter's voice now move thee
To reform from drink to-day.
Ah! I see you are repentant!
Will you promise to reform?
I could die then with contentment.
Will you, father, now conform?

Yes, you've promised. Now remember
Where you've made your solemn pledge,

For to-day we part forever,
I, to meet a grateful Judge,
You, to battle with life bravely,
And when tempted, think of me—
Now, dear father, I die happy,
So farewell to life and thee !

ONCE MORE WE MEET.

Once more we meet as friends of old,
Through years of toil and pain ;
The hearts then young have not grown old—
With joy we meet again.
The same fond smile, the winning way
In you I still can trace,
As in the days we used to play
Around the altered place.
The green whereon, in youthful years,
In innocence and joy,
We sat content, no more appears—
"Tis changed like you and I.
The little cot wherein I lived,
Unpainted then, but new,
The change around has not survived,
For it is altered too.
We, too, are changed from lapse of time ;
No children are we now.
To mature joys we now incline ;
To matured feelings bow.
Yes, forever are we parted
From the days so happy spent,
In the old place, so much altered,
Where we knew but merriment.

NATURE.

When day's declining greets the vale,
And nature looks serene,
The face of day assumes a veil,
And darkness reigns supreme.

Although above through floating mists
The luminaries shine,
Yet still attached to them exists
The pow'r of One Divine.

Now through the canopy of blue
There beams a lurid glare,
A meteor shoots into full view,
And all is brightness there.

It shoots across the horizon,
And leaves no trace behind,
Except a streak, which soon is gone,
But leaves its form in mind.

When in the west the god of day
Is slowly sinking down.
The lofty mountains far away
Receive him ere he's flown.

The solar system then presents
A spectacle sublime ;
The heav'ns throw forth their whole contents ;
And brilliantly they shine.

When 'neath the hills the sun has sunk
In Autumn, clear and bright,
Celestial orbs display their rank,
And usher in the night.

Behold the canopy indent
With jewels bright and clear,
Filling up the firmament
As far as man can peer.

Appearing in the western sky
The moon we now behold
Displaying there most brilliantly
Her crescent, as of old.

The evening star puts in its face,
And gilds the evening shade,
Displays its form with pleasing grace,
Then slowly turns to fade.

The other planets, moving slow
Through orbits fully known,
Followed by the stars which show
Like di'monds 'round a thrown,

Descend below the horizon,
While others still emerge,
To show the works of God to man,
Remind him of His charge.

A grander scene than nature gives
No mind can comprehend.
Let man enjoy it while he lives,
And praise it to the end.

FRIENDS AND HOME.

Dearest to the heart when absent
Are the loving ones at home,

Gladly would we in a moment
Now embrace them, ne'er to roam.
Recole^tions fondly treasured
Of each happy hour we spent,
With our troubles oft are measured,
When our hearts to grief give vent.

Yet we knew not when we had them
How endearing they would seem,
Till long years would solve the problem.
Show them but a pleasant dream :
Then sweet faces, ever beaming
With a fond and pleasing smile,
On our minds are ever leaning
As from day to day we toil.

While a mother, sad and lonely,
In some humble cot we knew,
Looking far away, and vainly,
Is presented to our view.
Thoughts of home, the day of parting,
Tears of sorrow shed in vain,
Sighings for another parting,
Call that happy time again.

SHADES OF NIGHT.

Luna's smile the valley greeteth,
Where dark shadows court the stream,
When the sunlight westward sleepeth,
And all worldlings death-like seem.
Where the Merrimack's dark waters
Glide along by hill and dale,

There the pale light dimly flutters
On the water, through the gale ;

And the white clouds slowly floating
On a sea of azure blue,
Here alone, and there uniting,
Shutting planets from our view,
While the incense strong and pleasing,
Wafted on the cooling breeze,
Charms the sense to overflowing—
Nature must her children please.

Who, with heart so cold and languid,
Could this scene shut out from view,
See the heav'nly lights reflected
In their deep, familiar blue,
On the Beauty of the Valley
In its sweet and gentle flow,
And not feel that he is happy,
And content with life below ?

A STYLISH GIRL FOR ME.

Some say I am a flirter,
But however that may be
I'll never have another
Than a stylish girl for me.
'Tis joyful when ont walking
To have upon my arm
A girl who's fondly talking,
And acting like a charm.

But still there's far more pleasure,
Where ev'ry one can see

Hitched to my arm a treasure,

A stylish girl with me.

How sweet to go out riding,

And sport tall hat and cane,

Near me sweetly sitting

A beauty—not one plain.

I want a girl who's tidy,

And happy, good and free,

And one who dresses highly,

A stylish girl for me.

I love cigars and champagne,

A stroll out with the boys,

With fun and frolic certain—

I care not for the noise.

The gaslight makes us cheerful,

The late hours fast and free,

And nothing can seem hurtful

Where all is fun and glee;

But none I love more dearly,

Where ev'ry one can see,

Than what is most sincerely

A stylish girl to me.



AUTUMN.

When the autumn leaves are falling,

Floating down the narrow lane,

And the cool breeze softly whisp'ring

In a melancholly strain

Through the trees, almost deserted

Of their royal garb of green,

All around is deeply pictured
With a shade of winter keen.

Plumed with shades of green and carmine,
Spangled with a yellow hue.
Is the bower where in Springtime
Many birds in welcome blew
Loud and clear, among the verdure,
With their little voices shrill,
Many notes to one another,
But to-day those notes are still.

Where the brooklet ripples softly,
Winding slowly on its way,
While around looks bleak and lonely,
Where in Summer looked so gay,
Death is sounding loud its signal,
Autumn answers to the call,
And the Autumn leaves bid farewell,
Yes, forever, to us all.

FALSE.

False you've ever proved to me ;
False you'll never prove again.
I will bid good-bye to thee,
For my love has been in vain.
Like an angel in a dream,
Cheering to the erring one,
Did you to me ever seem,
But those visions now have gone.
Banished ev'ry thought so dear,
Dead to ev'ry pleasing charm

Is the heart you found sincere,
Beating for you ever warm.
Oft I've lingered in my walk,
Mused on thee, on thee alone,
Spell-bound like a fettered rock,
Paused, and called you "dear," "my own!"

Used to while away the eve
Have I been in days now fled,
Till another you'd receive,
When your love for me was dead.
Trifled with no more I'll be,
So let others seek your smile;
Now once more my heart is free,
Free from all that would desile.

WAITING FOR A LETTER.

Waiting, looking for a letter
From a friend I've never seen,
Both our faces unfamiliar,
And our actions too, I ween.
How we picture in a vision,
As we read each message o'er,
Varied traits with undcision,
For we've never met before.

Yet with hopes of future greeting—
Not in words upon the page—
Do we write about a meeting,
Which may not be for an age.
Let the voice—in silence sleeping—
Warble forth the words we read,
And the time to come be fleeting,
When the pen we shall not need.

AUNT WINNIE.

Old auntie, good soul, has now left us.

An aunt she has been to us all,
And always behaving with kindness,
Obeying each summons and call.
By aunt she was known to the stranger ;
No other name did she partake.
If called by aught else she would never
Look 'round, for there seemed a mistake.

A fav'rite she was with the children,
Who greeted her always with smiles,
Would sit in her lap and then listen
To stories, with which she beguiles
The old and the young ones around her,
She had such a kind, pleasant way
Of telling the same stories over,
That all good attention would pay.

None knew why they called her Aunt Winnie,
Yet that was her name ev'rywhere.
A fast friend she was to the many,
For friendship she'd always to spare.
Not wealthy, nor high in position,
Nor versed in the science of life ;
She sought not, nor hoped for promotion,
But paddled her way through the strife.

Possessed of a kind disposition,
Unnerved by another's rebuke,
Misplaced, perhaps, by indiscretion,
Was met by her with a sad look ;

But now that she's passed beyond censure,
 Her qualities, always sublime,
 To friends she has left seem the greater,
 Because they are gone for all time.

ED. AND I.

Many rambles, Ed., together,
 Have we had in days gone by,
 Telling what we'd tell no other—
 Confidants were you and I.
 Treasured thoughts of some fond object
 To each other were made known ;
 All had defects—we were perfect.
 Brilliant gems we stood alone.

Some fair maiden most admired
 Sometimes took our thoughts away.
 We, like others, were inspired
 With the love of holding sway.
 How we thought if some fair creature
 Smiled on us benignantly,
 That a captive we could make her—
 She would yield her liberty.

Wandered have we, where the moonbeams
 Fell in silver streaks around,
 Where the maiden in her love-dreams
 Loitered with a look profound.
 On the walk, a place romantic,
 Where the river smoothly glides,
 Did we talk of plans gigantic,
 How we'd breast life's rolling tides.

Ed, they're passed—those pleasant moments.
Let us now recount them o'er,
Ponder o'er the last endearments,
Think we are the same once more.
Blissful days I now behold thee,
But enjoy thee not the same;
Troubles now have come before me
In my search for wealth and fame.

MEET ME JOHNNY 'NEATH THE WILLOW.

Meet me, Johnny, 'neath the willow,
Where the summer breezes blow,
Meet me there at eve to-morrow
And my answer you shall know.
If you love me, do not tarry.
Prove your love by being there.
Do not disappoint your Mary,
If true love for her you bear.

Where we've been so oft together,
'Neath the willow's cooling shade,
Meet me, Johnny, there, as ever,
For I'm still your little maid.
Whisper then your future greatness
In your little Mary's ear.
Tell her, as she looks with kindness,
What you know she loves to hear.

Meet me in the village church-yard,
When the sun is in the west,
Where so many young and wayward
In their graves so calmly rest.

Meet me, Johnny, without failing,
If you would have my reply.
'Neath the willow I'll be waiting
Ere the stars are in the sky.

TO JAMES M——R.

Many years may come and go,
Many faces greet the sight,
But among them none can show
One like yours to me, as bright.

Outward feelings there were none—
All proceeded from the heart.
What was in was outward shown,
Polished by no words of art.

Though the lapse of years can change
Cherished friendship to deceit,
Alter all within its range,
I'm your friend whene'er we meet.

Should I wish a friend to find,
I would seek among the few
In the world to me assigned,
One true friend, and that is you.

ANNIE DEAREST WILL YOU TELL ME.

Annie, dearest, will you tell me
Why you look upon me so?
Why you do not look as kindly
As you did one year ago?

Things have changed I know, dear Annie ;
 You and I were equals then,
Now in wealth you're far above me,
 So we cannot meet again.

Do you now remember, dearest,
 When we pledged our vows sincere ?
When you said I was the nearest,
 And the one you loved most dear ?
Can you now recall the pleasures
 That we had a year ago,
When you and I were treasures ?
 But to-day it is not so.

Now, you pass me like a stranger ;
 I'm beneath you, sinking low,
For I have no wealth to of'er—
 And no maid but you I know.
Love alone is all I offer.
 I'm honest, but still poor,
Yet can never love another,
 No matter where I soar.

LINES TO ED. McCOOL.

Among the friends I held most dear
 And had to bid adieu,
I've ne'er found one in my career
 More faithful, Ed, than you.
The unexpected parting came,
 Unlooked for at the time,
But now the cause and who's to blame,
 Is known to thine and mine.

Not one can know the friends most dear,

When all smile on success,

Until the field looks bleak and drear,

And he is in distress.

'Tis then a true and constant friend,

But one among the few,

At any risk will e'er defend

Your motives, and prove true.

The hollow heart could ne'er express

The meaning in your eyes.

Your feelings you could not repress,

For in your friendship lies.

Though seas and years may intervene,

My heart shall e'er be true,

And revert to that parting scene

Between myself and you.



JENNIE, THOUGH THE FATES MAY SEVER.

Jennie, though the fates may sever

Ties of friends and kindred dear,

Faithful to thee will I ever

Prove, though you are far from here.

Childhood days, not yet forgotten,

Visionary hover nigh;

How happy were we, Jennie, then,

Never thinking of good-bye.

Miles may part us from each other,

Months and years may pass away,

Yet we'll meet sometime together—

Cheer up, Jennie, and be gay.

Like the water in our rivers,
Ever flowing quickly on,
Do I banish all that severs
Or impedes the course we run.

THE LITTLE BLACK HOUSE.

No more the little cot appears
Where it had stood before,
Where I enjoyed in youthful years
The pleasures then in store.
The clapboards black from many years
Are still within the view,
The Jews'-harp in one still adheres—
'Tis well that place I knew.

'Tis shifted in the rear to-day
To fill a vacant spot,
Where constant ruin and decay
Are falling to its lot.
Another one must fill its place,
More pleasing to the eye,
And thereby banish ev'ry trace
Of happy days gone by.

Old age is just the same in all,
In ev'rything we know,
When it arrives we're bound to fall,
And sink forever low.
The new must take the place of old,
The youth instead of age,
The heart and feelings then grow cold
As life's unwritten page.

LET NO FRIEND DEPARTED VANISH.

Let no friend departed vanish ;
 Let him live in mind's abode ;
Let us for him ever cherish
 Kindest feelings—bless his road.
On his grave let sprigs be planted,
 To adorn his peaceful bed ;
Let no friend's grave be neglected,
 Though to living deeds he's dead.

Let the roses bloom and flourish,
 Show their forms in softest green
O'er the dead, whose forms we cherish
 In the heart where nought is seen.
One day we in calm seclusion
 Shall recline with numbers low,
Then above us in profusion
 May the rose and lillies grow.

Though no tombstones may be rearing
 Where our lifeless forms are laid,
We may have some friends endearing
 Whose well-wishes cannot fade.
Grander than the tombs of granite
 O'er the fast decaying dead,
Are the words of praise and merit
 Left behind when we have fled.

REMEMBER THE ORPHAN.

Remember the orphan's pityful cry
 Penetrates to your innermost heart.

Remember in want they'll suffer and die,
While you can what they need impart.
Give freely what you can spare from your store
To waifs in the poor orphans' home,
'Twill ne'er be forgotten by ones so poor,
By those who've been left all alone.

Many an orphan, of friendship deprived,
Have been by negligence thrown
On this sinful world, but now they've derived
A place in the poor orphans' home.
Do all you can for the parentless child,
And give what you can for his aid ;
One day he had parents who hard for him toiled,
But now 'neath the sod they are laid.

Yes, 'neath the sod in their last earthly home,
On the hill where the pine gently waves,
Far from the friends, and the waifs left alone,
They sleep in their low, silent graves.
Have pity now on the ones they have left
Too young to take care of themselves ;
Have mercy on orphans who are bereft,
For like them we may be ourselves.

MARY'S GRAVE.

The night winds loud roar
Where Mary lies low,
As if to outpour
Their feelings of woe.
The low, plaintive wail,
So mournful and sad,
Resounds in the vale
Where sleepeth the dead.

Softly it whispers
 The news to the trees,
 ‘‘ Mary now slumbers
 In quiet and ease
 Where stone lilly white,
 Upturned to the sky,
 Can tell of her flight
 To regions of joy.”

No winds can arouse,
 Disturb thy sweet sleep,
 So calmly repose
 While night winds shall weep.
 Tears shall be shed by
 Deep night with its dew ;
 The cool breezes sigh,
 But trouble not you.

THE INDIAN.

Man, like all else beneath the sun,
 When his short space of life has run,
 Must bow in silence to the grave,
 And yield the dust to Him Who gave :
 For what is man, though proud on earth,
 Who prides himself on noble birth,
 That he should live without an end,
 Be never doomed with dust to blend.
 The savage beast will find a par
 Among mankind, though wise they are,
 For brutes on all the earth’s domain
 Will find a place to live and reign.

The gentle, from the lowly kind,
In human form the same will find.
The Red Man loves the woodland wild
And terms himself but nature's child ;
The tent his home and royal hall,
Where wild birds whistle shrill and call
The forest child to greet the day
And catch the sun's increasing ray.
He studies nature's ev'ry form,
And breasts the heat and roaring storm.
The wealth he seeks is purest air,
Unfettered limbs in places where
No white man's axe in echoes roll
Throughout the wood like curfew's toll,
Where seas of verdure deck the land,
And freedom smiles on ev'ry hand,
Where beaming prairies plumed with green,
Fanned by the breeze is waving seen
Like rolling billows on the main,
Now tow'ring high, then low again,
Amid each flow'ry spangled vale,
Where soft winds sigh and lowly wail,
While rippling waves in sunlight's glare
In warbling tones fall on the ear ;
'Tis nature's music undefiled,
Soothing and sweet where all looks wild.
This is the Red Man's paradise,
His only joy and living choice.
Content to roam the forest free,
He knows but God and liberty.
His war-whoop shrill the welkin holds,
Which to the stranger's mind unfolds
That terror's reign and human blood

Are doomed to grace the lonely wood.
Like demons wild with hunger's pang,
Their cries are heard, and hatchets' clang.
The victim falls—his day has sped.
He rests forever with the dead.
The scalping-knife performs its work,
When with a strong and sudden jerk
The downy plume deserts its place,
A warrior's belt to fill and grace.
The tortured captive, bent and weak,
Is led through woodlands lone and bleak,
To spend in agony and pain
The ebbing life he would retain,
While crackling flames around him leap,
And fiercer yells, with vengeance deep,
Re-echo through the darkened wood—
Foreboding evil, nought of good—
With each expression wrung by pain
From him who tries to curb in vain.
The joyous whoop the Red Man peals
At his distress, and how he feels.
They poke the embers, stir the flame
Until the victim's melting frame
Proclaims him dead forevermore,
A guide to Red Men gone before ;
Or if a native bold and brave,
Is tortured, he'll no pardon crave,
But from his bleeding, dying form,
Flash accents of unfettered scorn,
And bravely dies without a moan,
A hero still, though all alone.
He taunts his captors with a sneer,
And shows that death he does not fear,

While torches dim in darkness gleam,
And figures 'round with fierceness scream
In savage pride at what they see
A victim to their deviltry.
The captive dead, their scalp-yells cease
To float along with evening's breeze.
The hardest work the squaw performs—
No work so low the warrior charms.
The papoose, blind to manhood's fate,
Has in him bred for white men hate,
And from the father to the son,
The hatred dead shall always run.
A child untamed will show in man,
In ev'ry acton which we scan.
The teachings of the parent heart,
Though time may send them far apart.
No castles grand the Red Men prize.
Their only roof, the azure skies.
They worship one—the God of all,
And seek His presence when they fall.
No costly urn will hold the dust
Of mortal form when sunk to rest.
No pomp nor pride escort a brave
To his last home—a lonely grave.
No case enshrines his manly frame,
And o'er his grave not e'en his name.
Without a name he came to earth,
Returns the same in moral worth.
So lives and dies true nature's child,
Like where he roams, unkept and wild,
Unknown in years to come and go,
He passes from this world of woe,
And none behind his lot can know.

FRIENDS AND FOES.

How sweet is the smile of delusion,
And polished the words of deceit,
Which come from a friend, yet a demon
To all but his own self-conceit,
And black is the heart of the monster
Who tries to console in his grief
Some fast-falling child of his Maker,
And steal from his mind like a thief.

How many as friends seek our presence
To ferret out thoughts we possess,
And tell them again in our absence,
Another one's mind to distress.
The words may be spoken at random,
No thought of their spread in the mind,
Until they are altered with freedom,
Another false meaning defined.

Then some two-faced friend in consoling
Deludes with a musical voice,
Has pity on you while he's stealing
What's valued by you beyond price.
The thoughts of your mind are soon scattered,
Unfolded to one you detest,
And ere you're aware they are altered
And told to the friend you love best.

The trouble thus made is distressing
While changing a friend into foe,
And proves but a curse where a blessing
Would save all confusion and woe.

Go seek, if you would be made wiser,
And know all before you condemn,
And then you will find your adviser
The best or the meanest of men.

FREE WAS MY HEART.

Free was my heart when first I beheld thee ;
No love had enkindled its fire or warmth there ;
No treasured one's picture hovered around me ;
No maidenly charms my heart could ensnare.

Thy mildness proved too much for my nature,
For beauty alone no impression could make,
Yet you possessed them both in each feature,
Which made me at once love you for your sake.

LINES

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

As life flows on from day to day,
And age's book soon fills.
How many may be far away
From treasured vales and hills.

For many years may come and go,
Be numbered with the past,
And loving friends no more you'll know,
May take their final rest.

But there is joy in future time
To turn the pages o'er.

And see within a name or rhyme
From one you'll see no more.

To-day we see each other fair,
The path of life so clear.

We see no storm, but sunshine near,
And have no dreaded fear.

With hope developed, all is sweet,
The future we defy,
And should misfortune e'er we meet,
We'll only give a sigh.

SINKING OF THE VILLA DU HAVRE.

Slowly 'neath the surface going,
'Neath the distant wave,
On the doomed deck calmly kneeling
Friends, with none to save.
Crushed and sinking in the darkness
With its living load,
Is the good ship—now so useless.
None can change its road.

Horror and confusion wildly
Reign upon the deck ;
But a few there take things mildly,
Try themselves to check.
Slow she settles in the bosom
Of the mighty deep—
Not a sail is seen to welcome
Those who mourn and weep.

Life-boats launched, the people fill them,
Anxious to be saved.
Soon the masts are down upon them—
Sunk are those who braved.
Parents seeking for their children,
Children, parents dear,
In those moments of confusion,
Filled with pain and fear.

Cries despairing from each other,
All, alas! in vain.
They and ship must go together,
Perish on the main.
Hope despaired of, they no longer
Seek for friends to save,
But calmly kneeling down in pray'r,
Sink beneath the wave.

DON'T PASS HIM BY TO-DAY.

Don't pass him by to-day,
Though still he drinks the same,
He's cold, deserted, cast away,
But he is not to blame.

The time is drawing near
When Tom will be no more,
And to the grave his form will steer,
Where friends have gone before.

His young life now is passed;
His hair is streaked with grey.
There's not a friend around him left
To cheer him on his way.

He seeks the bowl when sad
To drown his sorrow there ;
But whiskey always drives him mad,
And leaves his pockets bare.

So give a helping hand
To aid him in his woe,
Encourage him to take a stand
Among the good we know.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

The following poem was written after reading a piece in one of the newspapers under the above title. It is about a boy, who, with other children that were collected from the streets, attics, alleys, etc., of the city, were about to go to a new home in the West, was busily engaged in tearing from his cast-off jacket a piece of calico when the superintendent inquired what he was going to do with that old piece of calico, and received in reply : “ Please, sir, I am cutting it to take with me. My dear mother put the lining into this old jacket for me. This was a piece of her dress, and it is all I shall have to remember her by.”

Who can look upon him tearless,
See him busily employed
Tearing remnant of an old dress
From a jacket, once his pride,
All intent upon securing
From the remnant cast away,
'Mong the thickly patched up lining,
One small gem, as well he may.

Heeding no one—working steady.

Tears of sorrow fill his eyes.
With the rest he must be ready,
Part the place where mother lies,
For a far-off' Western city,
To a new and better home,
From the attic, street and alley,
Where in hunger did he roam.

Just before the time for starting

He was seen to go aside,
Sad and dismal at the parting
From the place where mother died.
She it was who made the jacket,
Which a new one now replaced.
He was loth to go and leave it,
Have it from his mind erased.

“ Come, John,” said a voice behind him,

“ We’ll be moving soon, you know—
Why do those tears your eyes bedim?

Don’t take that where you go.”
“ Please, sir,” said he, loudly sobbing,
Quailing ’neath the speaker’s gaze,
“ From the lining I am cutting
This small piece to think of days

When my mother wore it newly—

’Tis a piece of her old dress,
And without it I’ll feel lonely ;
I’ll have nothing to caress.
’Twill remind me of my mother,
Of her love and tender care ;

For a keepsake I've no other.
Let me take it ev'rywhere?"

Mournfully those words of sorrow
From the little orphan came,
For he knew that ere the morrow
He could not the relic claim.
From the speaker's moistened eyelids
Gushed the tears, as he beheld
In this orphan many merits,
Which more mature ones expelled.

COURTING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Hark ! the door-bell softly utters ;
Now it echoes through the hall.
'Tis produced, perhaps, by callers,
Who are anxious to install,
Take a seat within the parlor,
There to pass the night with ease—
No ; it seems to be a lover,
Who endeavors hard to please.

He is shown, with kindest manner,
By the lady of his choice,
To the sofa in the parlor,
Bid sit down with pleading voice.
He accepts the invitation,
Is relieved of hat and coat,
Then he starts a conversation,
Evening's pleasure to promote.

He's unwelcome in the household.
She cares not for his address.

Her words are lacking ; room is cold ;
All around is dreariness.
He is working rather slowly,
Yet he bravely perseveres.
He's devoted to her solely ;
None but her his heart reveres.

She reminds him that he's staying
Quite too long for her weak nerves,
By her eyes intently watching
Dial's face, which blindly serves
To express her nearest wishes,
In a manner clear and plain,
As the hand in moving touches
Out the minutes spent in vain.

Seeing things all go against him,
He observes the dial too,
And with a face so long and grim,
Tries to bid, at last, adieu.
She beseeches him to loiter,
As it's early in the eve.
Then they stand, begin to chatter
Ere the lover takes his leave.

Soon a door was softly opened,
And a pair of eyes peeped through.
This at once the lover sickened,
For its meaning well he knew.
Then a voice behind requested
Her to tell the time of day,
When the lover manifested
Signs, at last, to go away.

All his hopes of conquest blasted ;
No impression on her made ;
He with boiling wrath detested,
Scorned the pretty-looking maid.
She was false, untrue to nature,
Painted deeply with deceit,
Viler than the meanest creature
He had ever chanced to meet.

MY FATHER'S GRAVE.

Dear father, once more I visit in Spring-time
The spot where the white stones appear,
Where cold winds of winter so angrily whine
On the hill-top so bleak and drear.
Thou'rt lonely, and distant from that which you left,
The cot where the footsteps resonnd,
Of children, now orphans—a widow bereft—
And cannot distinguish a sound.

Trees feigneth dead when the frost comes upon them ;
The leaves scatter over the vale ;
But the springtime, long looked for, is an emblem
To cheer them again without fail.
Yet Spring with its buds and beautiful blossoms,
The chirp of a bird on each tree,
Which the one left living so joyfully welcomes,
Is always unnoticed by thee.

Among the faithful and sinful you slumber ;
The white stone points out where you rest,
While the high grass in profusion that's over
Is doomed to commingle with dust.

While the buds of fresh flowers we planted
Are springing anew into life,
I listen in vain for the voice of departed—
He mingles no more in the strife.

MARY ONCE WE MET.

Mary, once we met together,
Strangers were we long before,
Then but a moment did we trip
Lightly on the ball-room floor.

Once since then we met each other,
Where and when I need not tell ;
But will hope to meet you ever,
Know you better, find you well.

Loving words I cannot utter
To you, Mary, on this page,
As you may like some one better,
Want a more exalted sage.

If you would appoint a meeting,
Make at once thy wishes known,
And you will not find me wanting—
You'll not have to wait alone.

FRIENDSHIP.

TO LOUISA C——L.

When I wandered lone and friendless,
And a stranger in this clime,

Seeing all around so cheerless,
 You were then a friend of mine.

Time may make the living features
 Stranger seem than when we met,
But my mind will hold as treasures,
 Deeds I never can forget.

Little deeds, when done with kindness,
 Never can forgotten be
By the wand'rer—sad and homeless—
 Who was treated kind by thee.

SCOURING WITH SNUFF.

On a seat four ladies sitting,
 Underneath the shade,
Like tobacco-chewers, spitting,
 Making on some snuff a raid.
Filthy habit—'tis a nuisance.
 To the ladies what a shame.
How can they, in young men's presence,
 Spit around the nasty flame?

Now they stick the snuff-rags in it,
 Rub them gently on their teeth,
Thinking it has only merit
 When the lips a dose will sheathe.
Rubbing gently the incisors,
 They, of course, must shine;
This base act at once discovers,
 Shows a woman's base design.

Happy in this foul condition,
 What care they what others say,

Since they claim from none permission
For enjoyment in this way.
Men of sense, look not with pleasure
On those maidens weak and vain,
For such actions always cover
Defects and an empty brain.

LET US CLING TOGETHER.

Let us cling together firmly ;
Advocate a noble cause ;
Let us clasp each other warmly ;
Help each other polish flaws
In our ways and all our actions,
As through life we journey on,
Ever showing some attractions
For the sad and weary one.
Should we get into a passion
Let us try to keep it down,
And not show our indignation,
Nor assume the hateful frown.
Passion makes us utter strangers
To the wants and needs of all,
Making many people rangers,
Causing many men to fall
From the height of their ambition,
With not one to help or save,
Nor to change their low condition—
They must fill an early grave.

Man is not missed or mourned by one
When years have passed, and life has gone.

LINES TO A. L. A.

The sun of youthful years has set
Behind the hills of time.
The moon of manhood joys must yet
Through unseen vapors shine.

The wind may waft the ship of fate
O'er some unfathomed sea,
Where tide and billows will not wait
Till she has passed them free.

The heart may to a distant time
And future pleasures soar,
Yet still revert to friends of mine
In pleasant days of yore.

The teachings of the wayward boy,
And favors of a friend
Shall live in memory with joy
Till life's career must end.

LOVE BENEATH THE OAK TREES.

Sitting underneath the verdure,
Where the park now takes its place,
Looking love at one another,
Using ev'ry modern grace,
Four young ladies—gents beside them—
Flirted as they best knew how—
All around looked bright and gladsome
Till it turned into a row.

First of all was seen Nell Mullen
Sitting near a soft young man,
Who, beside her, looked most sullen,
Being foiled in ev'ry plan.
There she sat beside her Leagan,
Who so dearly loved his Nell,
Thinking soon he'll be forsaken
For Bill Day, who knows her well.

Bill then taps her on the shoulder,
Lays his head upon her lap,
While young Leagan, close beside her,
Wishes he could bounce that chap.
Close he watches ev'ry movement
Billy makes to coax his Nell.
And she needs no great inducement
To desert her present swell.

Near them sit another couple
Talking with the greatest glee,
Thinking not of coming trouble
To upset their pleasantry.
Jimmy talks with Sarah sweetly,
Puts his arm around her neck ;
Pleased with her he seemed completely,
For a kiss fell on her cheek.

When he seen how Sarah liked it
He was bent to try again,
And she smilingly received it,
For she could not then refrain.
Billy Day was not contented,
He must turn to Nelly May,

Leaving Leagan's love downhearted
At his sudden turn away.

Leaving Nelly under cover,
Seeing Sally disengaged,
He attempts to play the lover,
Which gets Sally soon enraged.
She attacks him like a tigress,
Lets him have one on the nose,
Bringing claret in its progress
On poor Billy's Sunday clothes.

Sally laughed to see the river
Put in motion right away,
While the other damsels titter,
Laugh and joke at Billy Day.
Billy's kerchief, used so seldom,
Now, of course, must stop the flow
Of the torrent, so unwelcome,
From where Sally struck the blow.

Oft we've read of ancient yeomen
Doing great and noble deeds
For the sake of fame and women,
For the gods and Pagan creeds ;
Here we have as great a yeoman
Shedding blood without avail,
Not for fame, nor yet for woman—
Love his heart cannot assail.

Now, poor Dan—long sad and lonely—
Takes what all have left behind,
Looking on her kind and sweetly,
Matrimony in his mind.

Too bad, Dannie, you must take them
When the other boys are through.
When by all they are forsaken,
Then, in want, they turn to you.

MY COUNTRY'S FLAG.

Who can look on that flag in its beauty and pride
And not feel the heart proudly thrill at its wave?
Who can think of its fame, which is known far and wide,
And not love the flag of the true and the brave?

How oft has that flag in the battle's red tide
Been felled to the dust by the foes of our land,
While shattered and torn, in the freemen's blood dyed,
"Twas spread to the breeze with the heart and the hand.

On many a sea where the billows loud roar,
And many a wood where the thickets wild grew,
The traitors assailed it, but could not devour
The freedom long sought for by men to it true.

Its colors are made fast, and ne'er can decay ;
Its beauty shall live while a freeman exists ;
No renegade spirit can bear it away
While love for our land in its glory persists.

LIFE'S CAREER.

How little thought of is the time
So quickly passing on.
It passes like the merry chime,
Unmourned for till it's gone.

We sigh for days which once was known
But nevermore can be ;
Departed days can ne'er return
Nor from the vision flee.

Imagination may recall,
Retrace the scenes passed o'er,
Dwell on some deeds, if not them all,
As they appeared before.
Perhaps when thinking o'er the same,
Some misdeeds we have done
When on the road to wealth and fame
Seem fresh, though passed and gone.

Thus facts and fancies fill the mind,
Electric in their speed,
And few of all are then designed
To meet a coming need.
The minor thought is sometimes great,
And serves a greater end.
The tongue is sometimes used to state
What none can comprehend.

To life there is a spacious road,
Not always plain and clear,
And light or heavy is the load
Which those upon it bear.
The world was made for man and work—
Each man must do his share,
Though he may dodge around and shirk,
He's punished in his fare.

But men all make their first debut
Before the scene of life—

For all there is enough to do
In battling with the strife.
For ev'ry actor has a friend
To prompt him through each act,
And life's great drama has an end—
The last scene will attract.

ST. MARY'S NEW CHURCH.

The church of St. Mary's,
The beautiful dome,
The temple of worship
And penitent's home.
The pride of the city
And splendor of all
Now shines with a lustre
Its viewers recall.

In beauty of model,
Exceeded by none ;
In exquisite finish
She towers alone.
Admired by the people
Who built up the shrine,
She stands in her grandeur
A picture sublime.

FACTS WORTH REMEMBERING.

Continued practice in one work of art
Will rule a mortal's mind and claim his heart.

He who tells his faults to you
Will tell your faults to others too.

The more man works to serve an end
The less he feels what troubles send.

The polished tongue can hide the blackest heart ;
The sweetest smile may pierce you like a dart.

A friend is known by what he does for man,
Not what he thinks when none his mind can scan.

The man who slighted when you are poorly dressed
Will scorn to say he knew you when distressed.

The oldest hat may top a mighty brain.
The greatest man may wear a costume plain.

The truest man of which the world can boast,
Will of himself think less, of you the most.

The man who lowest bows to you,
Thinks less of self and more of you.

The greatest work is slowly done,
Though almost finished when begun.

Some men who treat you with contempt
Will bow when you've the wealth to tempt.

The smallest stream will lead you to the main,
So will the smallest thought to greatest brain.

Let censure not ambition's impulse dim,
For some will censure ev'ry little whim.

The silent tongue, like waters deep,
Mind's hoarded treasures long can keep.

If friends you'd know, pretend distress,
And that will show what none could guess.

The longest tongue a secret seldom holds ;
The shortest tongue a secret ne'er unfolds.

The greatest friends to mortals prized
Prove greatest foes when ill-advised.

The egotist will e'er condemn
What seems a mystery to him.



FAREWELL TO THE MUSE.

Farewell to the muse, a companion so long
Shall now be forgotten by me.
I'll once more return to where I belong,
And grieve not to part here with thee.
Let those who are better enabled to sing
Show forth to the world as they will,
But on me no more such troubles I'll bring.
My pen and my muse shall be still.



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